NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

Without Concealment-----Without Compromise.

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SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, Editor.

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Pro-Slavery.

ABOLITION RIOT.

Some of our friends think that our pro-slavery column is very often misunderstood. We beg everybody who ever has misunderstood it, to believe that we only copy the following article from the Doylestown (Pa.) Democrat as a specimen of the means to which the defenders of the Church and the State resort, to arrest the Anti-Slavery movement. We have no fear that anybody who has a particle of Anti-Slavery feeling in them, will be deceived by it, or suppose that the Abolitionists are what this dealer in billingsgate represents them:

"Friends' Quarterly meeting of Bucks county was held on Fifth day last at Buckingham. Cyrus M. Burleigh attended the first, or what is called the last public meeting of the society. During the last, or the business meeting, hundreds of those not members, and the younger classes of the society having retired from the house to chat around the doors or stroll in the woods; Cyrus, at the request of some of his friends, retired to a considerable distance from the house, where he delivered an excellent and impressive Anti-Slavery address to quite a large audience. He had been speaking about an hour when S. J. Paxson, editor of the Doylestown Democrat, mounted a carriage wheel in front of the audience, and interrupted Cyrus, cried out in a loud voice, 'I move this meeting adjourn;' which was seconded by a voice at his side. He then proposed three cheers for the American Union; and waving his hat aloft, this dignified editor shouted at the top of his lungs, in which he was kept in countenance by the vociferous shouts of some forty or fifty boys, and a few boys of larger growth. The meeting, however, did not adjourn; on the contrary, the noise brought many others to the spot, whose attention was immediately arrested, and whose feelings were enlisted by the spontaneous eloquence which burst from the lips of Cyrus, as with the might and majesty of truth he stood forth rebuking those who had been guilty of cheering this 'man-crushing and God-defying American Union.'"

The above extract we clip from the columns of the Pennsylvania Freeman, of the 18th of June, which is a paper published in Philadelphia. It is altogether a distorted statement of affairs, but it is quite as liberal and correct as we could expect to have emanated from a tory abolition print, which has always slandered Democracy, its organs, and its editors. The following are briefly the facts of the case:—

A "Connecticut vagabond," by the name of Burleigh, who left his country for his country's good, seeing that a few ravellings of inflammable materials could be raked together, concluded it would be a good opportunity to "show off" in denouncing the Constitution and country which shields and protects him; and accordingly, with a few disorganizing fanatics, left the meeting-house and repaired to the school-house, about two hundred yards distance, where, entrenching himself under the extending branches of a majestic oak, he commenced a vulgar and most abusive tirade against everybody but himself. His loud and bombastical declamation was the means of attracting a number from the religious meeting near by, which very much disorganized it and interrupted their formulæ of business. The abominable sentiments which he was giving vent to, became disgusting to the "people," and it was evident that in a short time this brawling vagabond would be riding a horse that was all back bone, and that, too, without saddle or bridle—☞A RAIL! At this moment, the editor of this paper, in order to arrest the progress of the public indignation against this scurrilous blackguard, mounted the wheel of a wagon in front of the audience, and "moved that the meeting adjourn." The motion was carried by acclamation, every person present apparently voting. He then proposed "THREE CHEERS FOR THE AMERICAN UNION," which were given with a hearty enthusiasm that made the woodland echo, re-echo, and ring again, as it reverberated on the balmy air among the venerable oaks, by which that ancient edifice is surrounded. In a short time the audience left, leaving this champion of vulgarity with only a corporal's guard, who stood round him, swallowing without any mastication his nauseous doses of toryism, British loyalty, and Christian Infidelity.

We will now close by making one more remark in regard to that paper and its editor. It is a small print, of very limited circulation or influence, and its principal object seems to be to administer doses of disaffection to a handful of restless spirits who are always disorganizing and pulling down, but build nothing up, and to dissolve the American Union by an insurrection in the slave territory. It belongs to, and is controlled, by the Garrison, Abby Kelly, Burleigh and Foster clique of Abolitionists, who oppose Government and everything calculated to advance our national prosperity or independence. They are in league with the pampered hirelings of Great Britain, they have received British gold for their services in sowing the seeds of anarchy and confusion in this country, and Burleigh is now in the receipt of more than $300 per annum from the American Anti-Slavery Society, for abusing the American Constitution and people, as will be seen by a statement published by their Treasurer.

In conclusion, we would merely state, that it is edited by a renegade minister, who was "kicked out" of the pulpit on account of his thick-skulled stupidity, by a large and highly intelligent congregation, and he immediately attached himself to the miserable crew with whom he has ever since been floating into the British channel.

Selections.

SPEECHES

Of John A. Collins, and Wendell Phillips, at a meeting in Chardon street Chapel. [From the Annual Report of the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society, 1841.]

At a recent meeting of Abolitionists, in the Chardon street Chapel, to welcome home those friends who had been so long abroad, Mr. Collins gave a short sketch of the incidents of his absence. In the course of his remarks, he spoke of the conduct of Joseph Sturge, in circulating through Great Britain slanders against Mr. Garrison and himself, for the purpose of depriving the American Society of the sympathy and aid of British Abolitionists. "I met Joseph Sturge afterwards," continued Mr. Collins, "at the house of his cousin, Thomas Sturge, with whom I was breakfasting. "Joseph, I am glad to see thee," said Thomas, when he entered. "Now, thou and John A. Collins can talk this whole matter over." What did Mr. Joseph Sturge do? It may be thought he would say, "Friend Collins, I am glad to see thee; for I received not the best accounts of thee from America, which I immediately circulated all over the kingdom, fearing lest Abolitionists might be imposed upon. Now, if these statements can be disproved, of course I shall rejoice to counteract them; and, of course, as a just man, shall rejoice to hear both sides, that I may be prepared to act justly." That is what might be expected of a man professing to love justice and the Anti-Slavery cause. But what *did* he say, actually? He put his hands out against the table before him, as if to keep me off—turned pale, and red, and all manner of colors, and declared that he must leave the house, if this subject were entered upon!

Mr. Phillips succeeded Mr. Collins as follows: "In connection with what my brother Collins has remarked of the character of the abolition he was obliged to encounter, I agree with him exactly. I can form no judgment different from his own, with regard to the letter circulated by it from this country. When Nathaniel Colver sent those letters, he knew that if, instead of stating what he did to the Quaker to whom he sent them, he had said that there had been a Convention sitting to inquire into the nature and claims of the Sabbath, Church, and Ministry, as at present existing, he knew that Quaker would have been bound, by his Quaker principles, to think all the more highly of those whom he represented as instituting the inquiry. He would have been bound to welcome the intelligence; but Nathaniel Colver knew that by the use of the word *infidel*, he could touch a string which the true statement of the case would by no means cause to vibrate. If he had informed those gentlemen of the London Committee, of the *facts* respecting the Convention,—no matter what his opinions had been respecting its character,—they would have been received as the natural results of the prejudices of a fee'd priest. But he called it an infidel Convention, without giving the facts respecting it; and he knew that he should thereby awaken all the petty prejudices that the true statement would have left untouched.

Let me tell the friends what use was made of these letters. They were taken to a public copyist—the same employed to copy all the official documents of the British and Foreign Society—caused to be copied in the same manner as its official documents are copied—done up with the same envelop with them—sealed with one of the signets of the Committee, and dispersed all over the country. They knew that, by so doing, they gave them all the credence of an official paper. They knew that every man received them as such. When the Dublin Society sent to demand of them why they circulated such unfounded assertions, they refused all explanation; they knew they could make none. They were afraid to attempt to make any. There never was an act that gave so deadly a stab to the Anti-Slavery cause in America, as that course of theirs. Nothing that can operate towards exonerating the American Society from the charges they put forth against it, is permitted to appear in their paper; while every effort, both open and secret, is made to deepen the false impression they wish to produce. Their paper is utterly sealed to anything that can correct this false impression, yet they claim to be the channel through which information is to flow to the British public! One instance, let me give, of the course they adopt. Certain resolutions against Buxton's African civilization scheme appeared in their paper, which gave offence to some of their friends; and they expressed their disapprobation to the Committee. Their answer was, "We are not responsible; for, in order to sustain the paper, we promised, at the beginning, to receive all paid advertisements." Within a month or two arrived the resolutions of a great meeting in Palmyra, New-York, contradicting the slanders they had put in circulation. They were sent to them for insertion as advertisements; and they were *refused! (base! base!* from the meeting.) Can such a Committee deserve the confidence of Abolitionists? (No! no! from the meeting.) Do they deserve any longer the high place they have occupied in my mind? Mr. President, it is a pain to me to be undeceived in such a case as this—it was so grateful to my feelings to yield esteem and honor. I reverenced the names of Joseph Sturge, and John Scoble, and the London Committee. But little as was the time I was there, I was compelled to feel that they had forfeited the esteem of Abolitionists. They have not dared to meet the crisis that presented itself to them. When asked why they had slandered the American Society, and its members and representative, they made no answer. They owed it to Garrison—they owed it to all the absent—they owed it to the American Society—they owed it to the cause—they owed it to themselves:—but they made no answer.

I cannot sit down, Mr. President, without expressing my contempt—my indignation, at the baseness and the wickedness of this attack of Mr. Colver, Mr. Torrey, and others—but I have not words to express them fully. I cannot believe in the sincerity of that philanthropy which uses such means as these. However broad the circle of Anti-Slavery sympathy, I do not see how it can take in such men as these. Horace says that he would not put to sea with a scoundrel. Sir, I agree with Horace. There are men, whom, if about to make a voyage, I would not go on board with. (Strong and continued expressions of applause.)

WEST INDIES.

By a recent arrival we have files of Jamaica papers, but they contain no important news. We take the following article from the Kingston Journal as an exposition of the Coolie Immigration Scheme:

A morbid dread of investigation and publicity seems to possess the advocates of Coolie immigration. We can account for this only by assigning it to the same cause which, in other cases, produces attempts to avert light from objects possessing repulsive or deformed features. There must be some radical rottenness about the system, well known to its advocates that causes such an outcry among them at the disclosure of the simplest fact or deduction tending to diminish somewhat in the eye of sober reason the assumed perfection of this sole panacea for all the evils, political, social, and pecuniary, which afflict us. It cannot be said that a batch of discontented Coolies have abandoned their location, and sought the Governor, or the Immigration Agent, for the purpose of detailing and procuring redress for some real or fancied grievance, but forthwith a grave rebuke is administered for publishing and commenting upon circumstances tending to create an impression, that the Coolies are not the industrious, docile, and contented race they have been represented. He who shall dare to announce that another parcel of Coolies have quitted their employment, and resorted to Spanish-Town, declaring that they will cut their throats rather than return, is a dangerous character, and an enemy to the country. There must be some consciousness of the impolicy and latent mischief of a system when its supporters are so vehement in their protestations against the exposure of the slightest circumstance that tells unfavorably of the measure.

The last display of morbidness and of the desire to suppress truth on this subject, has been made by the Despatch, who seized on a communication from our correspondent in Port-Maria, announcing simply that the Coolies complain of not being furnished with clothing—that it is offensive to decency to see them perambulating populated streets in a half naked state, and that the native laborers regard them with no great good will, as the theme for a long paragraph, in condemnation of us for giving insertion to such incendious statements. Our correspondent's communication tends, according to the Despatch, to render the Coolies discontented. "The articles," our cotemporary adds, "is a mischievous one, and it would have been merely prudent to have withheld it." There must be a profound consciousness of the unsoundness of a system among its advocates when they deprecate the publication of such commentaries.

To meet the statement that the Coolies complain of want of clothing, it is urged that clothing is not included in the agreement between them and their employers, and that they are distinctly informed of the terms on which they are to be employed, both before leaving India, and after their arrival in this country. Granted! And it is therefore unreasonable and unjust in the Coolies to complain of their employers for not being furnished with clothing by them. This militates equally against Coolie immigration, as the light in which the Despatch has been pleased, without authority or reason, to put the statement of our correspondent; for though it proves nothing against the employer, it establishes much against the immigrant. It shows him to be unreasonable, grasping, and unjust, and unwilling to adhere to the terms of a thoroughly understood arrangement. It proves that the Coolies are becoming dissatisfied with their position, and that they are creating causes of complaint, with the view of possessing, hereafter, plausible pretences for violating their engagements. How likely a growing disposition of this character is likely to realize in this country the vagrancy and mendicity that distress other Colonies, we need hardly indicate.

The complaint that the half-naked condition of the Coolies is an offence against decency, and therefore disgusting in a civilized community, and demoralizing to its members, remains intact. Whatever be the cause—be it the avarice of the employer, or the indifference of the Coolie—the consequences abide unchanged.

That the native laborers should dislike the Coolies, is, we think natural enough among persons of their class and capacity. They are habituated to contemplate the present, and to disregard—if they are even able to discover—future results. It must be obvious to them, that the consequence of an extensive importation of Coolies, must be to render the planters more independent of the aid of the natives; and consequently to empower them to hold out for lower wages. To say that the location of Coolies on an estate will not have, and has not had, the effect of throwing native laborers out of employment on that estate, is perpetrating one of those absurdities that ought only to be hazarded with those children, who can be easily persuaded into the doctrine of nursery astronomy, that "the moon is made of green cheese."

But we are gravely assured, that "the object of adding to our population, is not to decrease the wages of the laborer, but to increase the quantity of produce." When there is a certain quantity of available labor in a country, and a proportionate amount of existing capital for the employment of that laborer, any addition on either side must disturb the equilibrium. Thus an influx of labor would decrease the rate of wages, and augment the value of capital, and *vice versa*. Until it can be shown then, that with each accession of Coolies to our laboring population, a proportionate amount of capital flows into the country, the only conclusion that we can arrive at is, that Coolie Immigration will, if successfully prosecuted, diminish the existing rate of wages.

REPORT

Of a Select Committee of the Legislature of Mississippi recommending the abrogation of all laws for the collection of individual debts.

"The select committee to whom was referred the petition of sundry citizens of Harrison county, praying the abolition of our legal credit system, have had the same under consideration, and arrived at the following conclusions:—

"That the interference of Government with contracts of individuals is entirely wrong, and not only unproductive of good, but a source of much evil and social discord, causing great unnecessary expense to the State, and a large number of its citizens in nowise interested—creating a necessity for swarms of officers, agent, and attorneys, who perform no service which would be of utility to mankind under a wholesome system of laws and Government, who, indeed, live and are often enriched, by the strife and discord engendered by our erroneous system of laws, most of which evils would end with the abrogation of those laws substituting an artificial legal obligation for that high and noble moral principle of justice implanted in the organization of every human being by the great Author of his existence.

"Your committee are of opinion that this interference of Government with the contracts of citizens, was first introduced for selfish, sinister, and unfair purposes, when the few ruled the great mass of mankind, and that it has well answered the ends of its creation. If man is so constituted and organized as to possess a sense of justice and benevolence, a natural disposition to do unto others as he would they should, under similar circumstances, do unto him, it must be very evident that the conduct resulting from such natural organization would be more correct, and the obligation felt more binding and certain than any artificial and unnatural obligation, the mere invention of man. To suppose otherwise would be to impiously assume that the creature, man, is superior to his creator, God. If, however, we arrive at the conclusion that man does not possess this constitution and organization, we are placed in a worse dilemma by assuming that without it he can enact laws for his government, right, just, or benevolent.

Your committee, in elucidation of this view of the subject, would state such facts in relation to it, as are familiar to most men—First, that the only kind of obligations in this country which can be strictly called moral, are those incurred by gambling. Gambling debts are not recognized as legal by our laws, hence there is no legal obligation to pay them, nor is there any obligation on mankind to pay such debts, save that dictated or imposed by the moral principle in his nature already referred to. Now, what are the facts in relation to the fulfilment of such obligations? In comparison with the fulfilment of those engagements recognized by the laws of the country, the advantage is notoriously on the side of gambling obligations, which proves to demonstration the correctness of our position. It will be of no avail to argue that gamblers pay their debts promptly as a matter of policy, because there being no law to make them pay, they would lose all credit and confidence among their friends were they to fail to pay, &c.; for if this be the fact, it only tends to strengthen our argument. Let us, then, make it the policy of all men to be honest and punctual in their engagements—that the penalty for failure to perform which be loss of credit and confidence among their friends by those who violate their contracts, as in gambling transactions; and, as a matter of course, the same results must be produced. Secondly, in many of the early settlements of our frontier country years elapsed before the introduction of law, lawyers, and officers of law; and, so far as your committee have been able to learn, from persons of observation, information, and experience, acquainted with the business transactions of those settlements in their infancy, there was then greater punctuality observed by men in their dealings, more social harmony and concord, and less avarice and cupidity, than after the introduction of law, lawyers, &c. to coerce a compliance with contracts.

"In the third place, we would instance the social condition of the Quakers—a numerous, intelligent, prosperous, enterprising, and highly respectable class of our population—who have always refused to resort to law for the settlement of their transactions with one another. As a consequence of this abstinence from litigation, there is no such thing as extreme want or poverty among them. All their children are educated, and the salutary principles of man's social organization more fully developed and practised upon than by any other class of our population. What the Quakers have effected can be accomplished by others, if they will but act upon the same principles. If a man is a moral and social being, a high moral and social, not political, destiny awaits him, and must develop the great end of his existence—health and contentment. If a man, untrammelled by the artificial errors in law, government, and society, does not possess principle prompting him to do right, (which is not here admitted,) then let us make it his policy to do right. There is an old adage, that 'honesty is the best policy,' and some wit has remarked that if rogues were to appreciate its truth, they would be honest, if from policy alone. Now, if honesty and punctuality are the great objects to be attained among the citizens of the State, your committee are of the opinion that their transactions of a virtuous and useful character should at least be placed on as favorable a basis as the gambling transactions of the country.

"From the best calculations your committee have been able to make on the subject, they have arrived at the conclusion that the annual expense to the people of the United States, on account of the legal credit system alone, in the pay of judges, clerks, sheriffs, marshals, magistrates, constables, deputies, jurors, witnesses, lawyers, loss of time in litigation, &c. cannot be short of the immense sum of $200,000,000, to say nothing of the vice, corruption, perjuries, strife, discord, and crime, embittered feelings, destruction of friendship, and social feelings between man and man, and of amity and love among members of families; poverty and utter ruin of both plaintiff and defendant, in which the innocent wives and helpless children are oftentimes the greatest sufferers. Is it possible that a system which produces such consequences can be right, or are we not to judge the tree by its fruit?

"This principle of legal obligation is one of inheritance, and never could have obtained in this country had it been a new question at the close of the Revolution; but, unfortunately, like many other errors and absurdities, adopted with the European system of laws—a system framed for a people having different forms of government from ours—where, under the specious name of law, every species of villainous chicanery and fraud was resorted to by the few to oppress the many. Your committee are not disposed to reproach the memory of any of the great statesmen, patriots, and philanthropists who failed to establish, under our first Constitution, a better form of laws. They had done enough. They had struggled through a long and bloody war, at the close of which they established and handed to us and to all posterity a Constitution based upon the dogma of man's political equality, under which all are entitled to equal rights and privileges, with a representative form of government, by which we are enabled to alter, amend, or annul our laws at pleasure. Having done so much, it is but reasonable to infer that they required repose, that as they had approximated perfection they imagined it was attainable, and we, to whom they had bequeathed such an inheritance, would not only preserve it in all its purity as we had received it, but improve and perfect it as time and experience would point out its errors and defects. Have we done this? Have we honestly and studiously examined what manner of beings we are, and framed a code of laws and institutions in harmony with our organization? Your committee think not; or whence all the misery, poverty, ignorance and wretchedness which we know to exist throughout the length and breadth of our land, so highly favored by nature, and in the enjoyment of unequalled civil and religious privileges!

"Another argument your committee would offer in favor of this change is the necessity which the present legal credit system creates for a host of our population to engage in the otherwise useless and always non-productive profession of law, civil officers, &c. all of whom must live on the labor of others. By changing our policy this necessity ceases, and the numerous class of our population alluded to must adopt other pursuits directly useful to themselves, their country, and their kind.

"The increases of productive industry—the saving to the nation of $200,000,000 annually—the misery, strife, discord, poverty, and human sufferings in every way which would be avoided—the good, peace, prosperity, and happiness, which would result from this change,—all are considerations which have induced your committee to direct me to report the bill herewith submitted, and recommend its passage.

"All which is respectfully submitted.

"J. J. M'CAUGHAN, Chairman."

From the Anti-Slavery Bugle.

BREAKING THE SHELL.

"I have been thinking very seriously of leaving the Church," said a member of the Methodist Episcopal, to his class-leader, the other day.

"I hope you are not going back into the beggarly elements of the world," rejoined the latter.

"No, but I think of leaving the beggarly elements of the Church."

"Oh! you are getting to be an Abby Kelleyite," said the leader.

"I am getting to be an Abolitionist," was the reply.

After a full delineation of the evils of ultra abolitionism, and the character of those who advocate it, the class-leader concluded thus: "I believe if anybody ever goes to hell, Stephen and Abby Foster will go there."

"Well, if they do, I want to go with them, for if they and other kindred spirits are there, it can't be a very bad place; at any rate, it will be infinitely preferable to the place where the Church goes."

THE CASE OF MR. GRAHAM.

On Wednesday evening the General Assembly, (New School) in the case of the Synod of Cincinnati, which suspended Rev. W. A. Graham for his opinions on Slavery, decided the Synod's proceedings to be unconstitutional, irregular, null and void.—*New York Observer.*

This decision will fill many hearts with surprise and sorrow. The proceedings of the Presbytery and of the Synod of Cincinnati inspired hope that better ground would be taken on this great question;—but the General Assembly, it seems, have reversed all their proceedings. It now stands the doctrine of the New School Presbyterian Church, if we understand it, that American Slavery is man-stealing, and is distinctly condemned in the Bible, yet that a minister of the Gospel may print, publish, and preach in defence of this sin, and if his Presbytery and Synod depose him, the General Assembly will undo their action and restore him!

The consistency in all this must be very profound! We are not aware that they have attempted to explain it to common minds.

Do they really mean to take the ground that Gospel ministers shall maintain their good standing although they openly avow themselves the apostles and apologists of what they themselves ackowledge to be sin?—*Oberlin Evangelist.*

C. M. CLAY.

We copy the following letter from an article in the Christian World of last week. We do not believe it will serve its purpose of bolstering up the "True American." Mr. Clay has lost the respect of the North.

LOUISVILLE, (Ky.) June 14, 1846.

MY DEAR FRIEND:— . . . . Now to my subject. You have heard before this that Cassius M. Clay has accepted the command of a company bound for Mexico, and you will feel as much distressed as I am. I feel as if an angel had fallen. When I look upon him at Oakland, I can scarcely refrain from tears. But we must look with an indulgent eye upon the weakness of humanity. He has had a great deal to stand. I have no doubt that his nervous system is shattered by disease and trouble. He has become very gray, though he is only thirty-six years old. I know from experience what a change disease makes. Many things that I once did with pleasure, I have now to drag myself to do. Clay is a noble fellow, though not perfect. I am acquainted with the whole history of the paper from the time of the destruction of the press. I am sorry I cannot tell you all I know. Clay has vindictiveness in his constitution. If he could only forget that he has enemies, he would be a different man. I believe that his object in going to the war is to set himself above his enemies. Gov. Owsley promised him a colonelcy; but some of the slaveholders of Lexington went down to Frankfort and told the Governor that if he gave Clay the commission, they would leave the Whig party. Clay has spent about $6,000, in making up his company. I believe it is the most respectable company in the camp. He takes a parent's interest in the soldiers. They are not found drinking about as others are. For drunkenness, a soldier is expelled from his company. I asked him to call and see me, and he said he hardly expected to leave the camp. "These young men are committed to my care, and I feel as if I ought not to be absent."

Now he is going away, and he will never edit the paper again. If he should return from the war, he may "take the stump" in a political way, but that is all. He wished to give up the paper, and refund the money that had been advanced, but I believe he has been persuaded to let it go on. I have been requested to write to you on the subject. There are about 1,500 subscribers in Kentucky, and I suppose every copy has twenty or thirty readers. It will not do to let the paper stop. If the interest in the East can be kept up, it *will* not stop. We are afraid that the Eastern folks will give up in despair. Now what do you think about it? It will be conducted on the same plan as heretofore. The same gentleman who has written much of the matter, will continue to write. It is a labor of love with him. He gets nothing for what he has done, and he has the labors of another business to perform. I think the paper has a foothold in Kentucky, which it will take a long time for any other paper to obtain. I don't know what will be the effect in Kentucky of Cassius Clay's withdrawal, but I hope for the best. The gentleman who has managed the matter is a native of South Carolina, and a noble fellow, of boundless energy. Nearly enough has been paid to support the paper till next April. If you feel as if the paper ought to go on, make what use you please of as much of my letter as you think proper to use. Clay says he does not look into the papers. He showed a friend of mine a letter which he had received from a colored man in Cincinnati, who told him that he had almost worshipped him. "I had your portrait placed over my fire-place, and every morning and evening, your name was mentioned in prayer. Yesterday, I took that portrait down, with tears in my eyes." Clay said, with respect to the writer of this letter, "He don't understand me—I would do as much for them as ever." I believe, as I said before, that a wish to put down, or rather to rise above his enemies in something that they could appreciate, has been the cause of his course. He has not the patience to wait for a nobler triumph.

OFFICIAL DISPATCHES FROM THE ARMY.

We have been permitted, says the Union, to lay before our readers the following extracts from the last official dispatches of General Taylor, which have been received at the War Department:

HEAD QUARTERS ARMY OF OCCUPATION,
MATAMOROS, May 30, 1846.

[*Extract.*]

I enclose an original draught, found in General Arista's papers, of an invitation to our soldiers to desert. A similar call was previously made by Ampudia, and has already found its way into the public prints. The department may see from these documents what arms were used against us. I am, Sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

Z. TAYLOR,
Bt. Brig'r General U. S. Army, Com'g.
The Adj't Gen. of the Army, Washington, D. C.

The following is the address of General Arista, referred to in the preceding extract:

General Arista's advice to the Soldiers of the United States Army.

HEAD QUARTERS AT MATAMOROS,
April 20, 1846.

SOLDIERS! You have enlisted, in time of peace, to serve in that army for a specific term; but your obligation never implied that you were bound to violate the laws of God, and the most sacred rights of friends! The United States Government, contrary to the wishes of a majority of all honest and honorable Americans, has ordered you to take *forcible* possession of the territory of a *friendly* neighbor, who has never given her consent to such occupation. In other words, while the treaty of peace and commerce between Mexico and the United States is in full force, the United States, presuming on her strength and prosperity, and on our supposed imbecility and cowardice, attempts to make you the blind instruments of her unholy and mad ambition, and *forces* you to appear as the hateful robbers of our dear homes, and the unprovoked violators of our dearest feelings as men and patriots. Such villainy and outrage, I know, is perfectly repugnant to the noble sentiments of any gentleman, and it is base and foul to rush you on to certain death, in order to aggrandize a few lawless individuals, in defiance of the laws of God and man! It is to no purpose if they tell you that the law for the Annexation of Texas justifies your occupation of the Rio Bravo del Norte; for by this act they rob us of a great part of *Tampaulipas, Coahuila, Chihuahua, and New Mexico;* and it is barbarous to send a handful of men on such an errand, against a powerful and warlike nation. Besides, the most of you are Europeans, and we are the *declared friends* of a majority of the nations of *Europe.* The North Americans are ambitious, overbearing, and insolent as a nation, and they will only make use of you as vile tools to carry out their abominable plans of pillage and rapine.

I warn you, in the name of justice, honor, and your own interest and self-respect, to abandon their desperate and unholy cause, and become *peaceful Mexican citizens.* I guaranty to you, in such case, a half section of land, or three hundred and twenty acres, to settle upon, gratis. Be wise, then, and just, and honorable, and take no part in murdering us who have no unkind feelings for you. Lands shall be given to officers, Sergeants, and Corporals, according to rank, privates receiving three hundred and twenty acres as stated.

If in time of action you wish to espouse our cause, throw away your arms and run to us, and we will embrace you as true friends and Christians. It is not decent nor prudent to say more. But should any of you render any important service to Mexico, you shall be accordingly considered and preferred.

M. ARISTA.
Commander-in-Chief of the Mexican Army.

From the Boston Daily Sun.

"FIRE OF THE FLINT."

The North has been so long muzzled, that when she does speak out—especially when a living voice comes from out the "whited sepulchre" of the Democratic prison-house—she ought to be heard, and that voice echoed and re-echoed to and from every hill-top and through every valley in the land. Another if not the same voice ought to wake up craven Whigs to their duty—that an unbroken Northern phalanx, of *all* honest lovers of Liberty, may be opposed to the encrouching, and over-shadowing and hitherto over-mastering ascendancy of the Southern slave-power. New Hampshire is not alone to be addressed. To a mean subserviency, if not the same truckling subjection, has the old Bay State submitted herself—

"Massachusetts, God forgive her
She's a kneeling with the rest,
She, that ought to ha' clung forever
In her grand old eagle-nest;
She, that oughter stand so fearless
While the wracks are round her hurled
Holding up a beacon peerless
To the oppressed of all the world!"

The discussion of Slavery has been still farther continued in the New Hampshire House of Representatives, and the Hon. JOHN P. HALE has again spoken—occuping, as we are told, about two hours, on Thursday last in the delivery of a most eloquent and electrifying speech. In reading that portion of it which has come to our view, we don't wonder at hearing of the recent prevalence of HAIL storms in our sister State. It is "ALL HAIL!" and well may it be with the lovers of liberty—manifesting itself in the cheers and congratulations of the true-hearted men now in political ascendancy in the Granite State; and it has proved itself, whether HAIL or HALE, of a most withering and blasting kind, to those opposing themselves to its onward course. Here is a sample of its mountain sweep:

Mr. Speaker, I said last year that Government was insincere in its declarations—that it did not mean what it professed to mean—that in this Oregon question Great Britain would take what she wanted and leave us what she didn't want. For this, I was denounced as a falsifier both of what had gone before and of what was to come after. I was branded as everything that was base—stigmatized as a traducer, liar, slanderer and I know not what—only because I dared publicly to express what every man of common sense knew, that our Government would give up Oregon—the whole of it—and throw Massachusetts, Faneuil Hall, Bunker Hill and all into the bargain—if it were necessary to the maintenance of the "peculiar institution."

The Texas question, however—says the gentleman from Weare—is settled finally, the time for opposition has gone by, and we have nothing to do with the matter.

How is it settled? Only twenty *per cent.* of it is settled. One State has been admitted from Texas but there are four more—four-fifths of the whole—yet to come. Settled?—Gentlemen need not "lay that flattering unction to their souls." The question is *not settled.* It never will be settled—so long as a God of righteousness sits upon the throne of eternity, and holds, as he assuredly will, nations as well as individuals to a just account—until the nation shall have repented of its sin in sackcloth and ashes, and "brought forth fruits meet to repentance." The gentleman cannot evade the question. It will follow him to the fireside hearth—it will haunt him in the daily avocations of life—it will press itself upon him even before the altars of the Most High—and not in the wildest and most inaccessible recess of New Hampshire's cloud-capped mountains can he hope to escape it, or hide from it. Settled? Suppose that in 1776, when the fathers of our country met in Faneuil Hall to concert measures for resisting the tyrants of England—suppose that then one of these *settling* politicians had asked them what they could do. Parliament had passed the stamp act and the tea tax, both Lords and Commons had voted the bills, and the King had signed them. The question was all settled—and they answer but this—that they would have a *settlement with the settlers.* That is what we want, and what the people will have.

According to the system of ethics, morals and politics now set up by the gentleman and his friends, if a man threatens to burn your dwelling—so long as he only *threatens,* you can deal with him by a course of law; but when he goes on to apply the torch, when the flames crackle, and the smoke ascends to Heaven, and the fruits of a life's industry are laid in ruin in an hour—oh! then the mischief is done, the thing is settled, and you must be an exceedingly unreasonable person to complain at all about it.

Sir, the gentleman from Weare does me the honor to dignify my poor talk with the name of eloquence, and regrets that he does not possess it, that he might portray the beauties of this measure. Beauties! Sir, if he had eloquence so that he might speak in the highest strains of mortal power, or had he even an angel's tongue, he would still fail of demonstrating any beauty in it; it is dark—all dark.

From the Philadelphia Citizen.

ABOLITIONISM RETARDING EMANCIPATION.

It is said that the Anti-Slavery agitation in the North has thrown back the cause of emancipation in the South, and the South are not now prepared to hear the truth on account of this agitation.

A few facts will show that the South were no better prepared to hear the truth before the Anti-Slavery agitation in the North, than they are now. More than forty years ago Father Gilloland established a Sabbath school in North Carolina to teach the blacks to read the Word of God. It was disbanded by the slaveholders. About thirty years since, Mr. John Rankin commenced a similar school near Lexington, Ky. which was soon broken up by an armed band of slaveholders. Some eighteen years ago, some of the members of the Strawberry Plains Church, East Tennessee, commenced instructing the colored people to read God's Word. In a few months it was broken up by the slaveholders About twenty years since a Theological student, by the name of Hill, made in Marysville Seminary, E. Tennessee, a few anti-slavery addresses. The surrounding country became so excited that for some time he dared not go out of the institution for fear of his life. About eighteen years ago, a young minister by the name of Eagleton, preached a sermon against Slavery, in East Tennessee. For this his Presbytery took away his license to preach, and refused to return it again until he pledged himself not to preach any more against Slavery. All these facts occurred where Slavery is found in its mildest form. Many more might be given, but these are sufficient to show that the Southern mind was no better prepared to receive the truth before the anti-slavery agitation in the North, than they now are. The fact is, the South has not been so well prepared to receive the truth respecting Slavery for the last forty years, as it is now. There are more decided anti-slavery men now at the South, and more is now doing to extend anti-slavery principles in the slave States, and these principles are better received, than at any other time, as might be proved by almost any number of facts.

A correspondent of the Evening Mirror tells the following story. It is a strong proof of how far the contemptible and vulgar prejudice against color can go. To save the life of a white child is a praiseworthy action, and one for which Humane Societies give gold medals. But to save a colored child is a thing to be ashamed of, and the disgrace can only be wiped out by making a joke of it. The name of "*Palo Alto*" has a significance the actor in this scene did not dream of. He commemorated, in the name of the child, a battle fought for the enslavement of its race:

PALO ALTO CHURCHILL.—The following thrilling incident is related by a friend of mine, as having occurred near Galliopolis a few days since, as he was ascending the Ohio river. I regret that my informant has forgotten the name of the hero of the affair.

A little boy, about three years old, had been playing about the deck of the steamboat, and climbing upon the netting-work that enclosed it, when in an unlucky moment he accidentally fell overboard! Instantly a young Tennesseean, who was strolling near by, sprang into the river, and soon rose with the little sufferer in his arms. The boat was moving on rapidly, and some minutes passed away before the pilot could be informed of the accident, to stop her speed; but far in the distance the noble fellow was seen *swimming toward the boat*—then "all at once" he seemed to sink with his precious burden, and some thought they heard a fearful shriek as he went down! But soon he was seen crossing the troubled wake of the vessel—and on—on he swam for the shore, which, by the blessing of God, he soon reached.

The boat had now "rounded to," and soon approached him, when the yawl was sent out, and both child and its preserver were brought on board. The little fellow, smiling as though he had just come out of his tub after a morning bath, was placed in the arms of his mother, who, until that moment fortunately was not aware of the accident.

The scene at this moment was very affecting. The gentleman had fainted as he came on board, and was being carried to his state room, but revived as the young mother stood before him and attempted to express the unutterable gratitude she felt towards him for saving the life of her child. She then desired to know the name of its deliverer, that she might change the name of the little one, to his. He rose upon his feet, shook at least a bucket of water from his hair, and looking at the child, exclaimed, "It's a nigger, I'll swear!" It was not *exactly* a negro baby, but one of the Anglo-African breed, about the color of a new saddle. Our hero then took the child into the cabin, and dipping its little head in a *bowl* of bay-rum, christened it in the presence of the assembled passengers, "PALO ALTO CHURCHILL:" the mother winding up this interesting scene by stating "dat from this time to ebber an ebber, de chile should hab no udder name but dat."

Yours, H. J. Y.

By the Britannia, we have received our foreign papers, and among them the *Glasgow Argus*, which contains very long reports of several Anti-Slavery meetings in Glasgow. We mean to copy some portion of them next week, but for want of room now must content ourselves with the following commencement of a Report of a meeting, at which some stirring speeches were made, by H. C. Wright, and George Thompson, on the text, "SEND BACK THAT MONEY."

THE FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND, AND THE QUESTION OF AMERICAN SLAVERY.

On Wednesday evening last, a meeting was held in the City Hall, for the purpose of affording Messrs. George Thompson, and Henry C. Wright, an opportunity of submitting the speeches of the Rev. Drs. Cunningham, Candlish, and Duncan, in the Free Church Assembly, on Saturday, the 30th of May, on the subject of communion with the members of slaveholding churches, to the judgment of the Glasgow public. The meeting was numerously and respectably attended; and the platform was covered by members and friends of the Glasgow Emancipation Society, among whom we noticed Principal Dewar, D.D. LL.D. President of the Aberdeen Anti-Slavery Society.

Mr. William Smeal, on proposing the Chairman, congratulated his friends and fellow-citizens, that he had the pleasure on that occasion of submitting to them, as chairman of the meeting the name of his friend George Jeffrey. [Loud applause.] He having been the first to propose a resolution condemnatory of the conduct of the Free Church in receiving the contributions of slaveholders, and admitting them to Christian fellowship; and when thus met to report the progress of their agitation in regard to this question, and to pledge themselves to continued efforts in the cause, until the great object at which they aimed was accomplished, he did think it peculiarly appropriate that George Jeffrey should occupy the chair. [Cheers.]

The chairman, in opening the meeting, said, that he had much pleasure in occupying the chair on that occasion. It had been stated as a reason that he should occupy it, that at a meeting of the Glasgow Emancipation Society, held two years ago, he had proposed the first resolution made on any platform in this country in reference to the Free Church of Scotland receiving the contributions of the American pro-slavery churches, and calling upon the members of the Free Church, if they had then received it, to send back the money. Such was but an echo of the object of the present meeting; and he believed, whatever might be said to the contrary, that the time was not far distant when the Free Church would be heartily ashamed of their connection with the pro-slavery churches of the American Union. He had much pleasure in stating to the audience that, a few days ago, the Synod of the United Secession Church, with which he was connected, had (he might say unanimously, there being only one dissentient member in all that large and influential body) declared, that they refuse to hold Christian fellowship with those churches in America who may sanction Slavery in that country; other Christian bodies had done the same. He had little doubt that the connection at present existing between the Free Church and the American pro-slavery churches would be found to be of the slenderest description. It could not exist in opposition to the religious public opinion of Scotland; nay, he believed, could it cease gracefully, it would cease speedily. Every one could see, however, that the step towards the termination of it has been taken, and that it would, ere long, come in spite of the speeches in favor of its continuance. He held in his hand a letter from Dr. Willis and Mr. Macbeth, both, as the audience knew, members of the Free Church, confirmatory of his conviction, that the Free Church would, ere long, cease to occupy its present position towards the American pro-slavery churches, unless they put their sin entirely away from them. He should read that letter, and then proceed more immediately to the business of the evening.

TO WILLIAM SMEAL,
Secretary of the Glasgow Emancipation Society.
GLASGOW, 10th June, 1846.

DEAR FRIEND:—Although, as we have already explained to you, we think it better that we should do our part in promoting the Anti-Slavery cause by availing ourselves of the opportunities which are open to us within the Courts of the Free Church, than by joining in the present agitation out-of-doors; yet, on no occasion would we shrink from giving the benefit of our avowed sentiments, on this great subject, to the friends of justice and humanity. Nor will we desert your noble and sacred cause even when we find you, or others associated with you, employed in combating the unhappy arguments of friends and brethren to whom we owe love and respect; but from whose judgment on the question of fellowship with slaveholders we entirely dissent.

We, as much as any of you, disapprove of the *theology* by which it is sought to justify inter-communion with slaveholders, and churches abetting or conniving at Slavery, under the plea that reproof and expostulation is more likely to be successful, while inter-communion is still continued, than if it were abandoned. This seems to us to be at variance with all sound ideas of religious or ecclesiastical fellowship. We do not deny that we ought to remonstrate, and that in the spirit of true and faithful brotherhood, even with such whom we are commanded to "note" as walking disorderly, and from whom we are commanded to "withdraw." But, to recognize their right, meanwhile, to fellowship in the most sacred and sealing privileges of the Church, and to concede free interchange of pulpit ministrations with those whom we believe and allow to be perpetrating a great sin, seems to be little else than a tolerating the sin, while we remonstrate with the parties committing it. And we can find no warrant to expect the Divine blessing on mere doctrinal remonstrances, unaccompanied with that practical testimony of decided withdrawal from them, which the Word of God enjoins, as much as it enjoins remonstrance itself; and that as a means even of reclaiming an erring party, and so demonstrating our deep impression of his sin, as well as faithfulness to his soul.

It is our decided conviction, that the time has more than come when the Church of Christ throughout the whole world should combine, in very mercy to the slaveholding brethren in America, to declare, that they cannot recognize as churches walking orderly those who are faithlessly compromising truth on this momentous subject—submitting, even without complaint or testimony, to the most iniquitous and Erastian laws ever enacted by men privileged to live in Gospel light, yea, taking part, as both professing Christians and ministers of Christ in the Southern States are notoriously doing, not by silence only, but by active compliance and advocacy, in wreathing the yoke of cruel bondage about the necks of millions of their fellow-creatures—a bondage so degrading and demoralizing in itself, and in its accompaniments, that we own we should be happier to see our clerical brethren at home apologizing even for what may seem the excessive or outrageous zeal of some of the Abolitionists, than placing themselves in the attitude of seeming apologists for the oppressor.

We know that they do not design to plead for Slavery: we honor their fearless avowal of their resolution to follow their convictions on this whole question, uninfluenced by the existing agitation. But, though we do not acknowledge public sentiment to be a rule either of our faith or theirs; yet, persuaded as we are, that the public sentiment—now, we trust, the general sentiment in British religious society—as to this question, is as truly founded on reason and Scripture, as it is opposed to the judgment of the Free Church Assembly; we long to see our Church take the ground to which we believe it must and will come, if it would either benefit the souls of the Transatlantic brethren, or save itself from participation in their plagues.

(Signed) MICHL. WILLIS, Minister.
JAMES MACBETH, do.

[The sentiments expressed in the letter were loudly cheered by the audience.]

On the 9th June the Abolitionists of Edinburgh gave a fruit soiree to Messrs. Thompson, Douglass, and Buffum. Speeches were made by these gentlemen and others. It gives us pleasure to copy the following paragraph from the report of the meeting, which shows that the services and character of a most estimable man have been properly appreciated:

The chairman then rose and presented Mr. Buffum, on the occasion of his returning to America, with a copy of the Encyclopedia Britannica, bearing the following inscription:—"Presented to James N. Buffum, Esq. of Lynn, Massachusetts, United States, by the friends of human freedom in Edinburgh, in testimony of their high admiration of his disinterested devotion to the cause of the slave in America—of his steady and consistent opposition to the prejudice against color, and his laborious and efficient exertions in Scotland to induce the Free Church to send back the money received from the slaveholders."

Mr. Buffum made a brief and appropriate reply.

Communications.

THE CHAPPARAL, July 1st, 1846.

To the Editor of the Standard:

DEAR SIR:—Many of the readers of the Standard, may not be aware of the existence of a *Chapparal* this side of the "Rio Grande." Such, however, is the case, a bona fide one, It may be seen and felt, and that to, within the bounds of the *in*-famous ten miles square. Leaving Washington city by its Southeast outlet, crossing the Anacostia by the Navy-Yard Bridge, the ground continues to rise as you leave the river for nearly a mile, and is quite thickly dotted with houses and gardens, all of which are below mediocrity. After this there is scarcely a house, for the next four miles; the land thickly overgrown with dwarf oaks, pines, cedars, &c. with here and there a shanty and a small garden, made by clearing away the bushes, in no case exceeding half an acre; and I have yet to see, one that had anything like half a crop of garden sauce, or even weeds, which are generally left to compete with the vegetables on equal terms. For about three miles, after leaving this semi-populated region, there is not a house, and nothing to relieve the monotony of the dense thicket, save here and there a cluster of trees, which wave their heads in triumph far above those of their less thrifty companions. This Chapparal was, at one time, not only cultivated but highly productive, and has been reduced to its present low state by being *nurtured in the luxurious lap of "American Slavery."*

I think it will fully vie in point of density, and the situation is certainly much more healthy, with that of the now far famed Chapparal, where Polk and Texas are trying to incite our young men to go and die, all for glory. Now, "I think this glory all humbug." If anybody wishes to die in a "Chapparal," take my advice and go where you will die much easier, and be less likely to be disturbed. The musquetoes are not as large, the snakes not as thick, and more, you will run no risk of having your last gasp anticipated by a Mexican lance. Polk knows of this place, you may depend, and, doubtless, thinks there is as much glory to be had in dying there as in any other "Chapparal;" being much nearer the White House, it would, certainly, be less expensive getting there. Gen. Scott must have heard of this place, I think, by refusing to go to the other. You see it could be made very useful. It has other uses, still, which I have not named, but in my next I will relate an interesting adventure that I had there a short time since, in which a slave catcher and a runaway figured most prominently.

Yours, for the advancement of freedom,
RAMBLER.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEWYORK, THURSDAY, JULY 9, 1846.

The British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society.

The Liberator of June 26th contains an interesting letter from our excellent friend, FREDERICK DOUGLASS, describing, among other things, the Annual Meeting of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society. In it he states that Mr. SCOBLE, the Secretary, informed him that since 1840 he has in no case received our Reports, &c. Mr. Douglass thinks that they must have miscarried, as he knew of no reason for withholding them. He is mistaken in this impression, and as the conduct of the Broad Street Committee in 1840 may be unknown to others as well as to Mr. DOUGLASS, who, like him, may have entered the cause since that time, it may be useful to recapitulate its principal particulars.

At the time of the Apostacy of May, 1840, the Executive Committee of the "*American* and Foreign" Society put forth a document stating the reasons of their secession. That address was filled with the false issues, the lies and the slanders against the American Anti-Slavery Society and its prominent members, under which the deserters were obliged to cover their retreat back to the arms of the pro-slavery church. THIS ATTACK UPON THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY AND ITS MEMBERS, THE COMMITTEE OF THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN ANTI SLAVERY SOCIETY, PUBLISHED AT LARGE IN THEIR ORGAN, THE REPORTER, AND SCATTERED IT FAR AND WIDE OVER THE BRITISH EMPIRE AND THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE. The Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society immediately prepared a reply to this attack upon them, in the form of an Address to the Abolitionists of the United States and of the world, in which they denied and refuted in the most triumphant manner, the calumnious charges brought against their Anti Slavery, and their personal integrity. This Address was forwarded to the Committee of the British and Foreign Society, with a request that they would give the reply the same circulation that they had given to the attack. ☞THIS ACT OF SIMPLE JUSTICE THE BROAD STREET COMMITTEE REFUSED TO DO!☜

Again, in the autumn of 1841, the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society sent their general agent, JOHN A. COLLINS, on an Anti-Slavery mission to England. As soon as it was known that he had sailed, letters were despatched by the Rev. NATHANIEL COLVER, of Boston, to JOSEPH STURGE, of Birmingham, containing falsehoods of the most flagrant and scandalous nature respecting Mr. COLLINS, and also respecting Mr. GARRISON. MR. STURGE, A MEMBER OF THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN COMMITTEE, HAD THESE LYING LETTERS COPIED BY THE COPYIST EMPLOYED TO TRANSCRIBE THE OFFICAL DOCUMENTS OF THE COMMITTEE, IN THE SAME MANNER AS ITS OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS ARE COPIED, DONE UP IN THE SAME ENVELOPE WITH THEM, AND SEALED WITH ONE OF THE SEALS OF THE COMMITTEE AND DISPERSED IN THIS OFFICIAL GARB OVER THE COUNTRY! And this so privily, that it was only by accident that the fact of such letters having been thus received and dispersed, became known to Mr. COLLINS, and through him to the public! When the Dublin Anti-Slavery Society, whose vision has been ever clear and their hearts ever true, demanded to know of the Broad Street Committee, why they had thus circulated these calumnies, THE COMMITTEE STOOD DUMB, AND HAVE ATTEMPTED NO DEFENCE AND MADE NO REPARATION FROM THAT DAY TO THIS!

In view of these base and cowardly acts of hostility on the part of the British and Foreign Committee, it would seem as if Mr. SCOBLE (who was then their Secretary, and act and part in the whole matter) must have either a very bad memory or a very extraordinary degree of assurance, to feel, or to express any surprise that the American Anti-Slavery Society has sent him no more of their documents.

These occurrences happened previously to Mr. DOUGLAS's entering the Anti-Slavery cause, and becoming such a distinguished part and ornament of it as he has long been; and they were, probably, not fresh in his mind, if he had ever heard of them, when he consented to speak at the Annual Meeting of the British and Foreign Society. We feel confident that had he known them, and known, too, that the whole New Organization movement in this country had the countenance and encouragement of the influential members of that Committee; that it decided, in advance, to refuse admission to the delegates of the American Society in 1840, and, for that end, metamorphosed the WORLD'S CONVENTION into a *Conference with themselves*; and that their entire sympathies and influence has been on the side of the deadliest enemies of the Anti-Slavery movement, as embodied in the American Anti-Slavery Society; we are confident, we repeat, had he known these things, that he would as soon have consented to give the lustre of his presence and his eloquence to a meeting called by LEWIS TAPPAN or JOSHUA LEAVITT, as to theirs.

He would, too, had he looked at it in the light of these facts, have better known how to appreciate a proposition emanating from a friend of that Committee and "that British Abolitionists should co-operate with fellow-laborers in the United States of *every Anti-Slavery creed*," and have perceived that it meant only to endorse the Anti-Slavery character of renegade Abolitionists, and to imply that there is no real distinction between the Abolitionism of the American Anti-Slavery Society and that of its unscrupulous and mortal enemies. But we cannot forbear to express the deep regret we feel that our admirable and faithful friend GEORGE THOMPSON, whose perception of the character and hostile attitude of the British and Foreign Committee was so clear six years ago, should have his recollection of their turpitude so far obliterated by the herculean labors and gigantic toils he has had since to encounter, as to give to them even the faintest shadow of approval and co-operation.

We were happy to perceive from Mr. Douglas's account of the fewness of the numbers at the public meeting ("not more than we usually have at our business meetings") that the accounts we have received from our friends abroad as to the declining influence of the British and Foreign society, are as true as we could wish them to be. The conduct of the Committee, not only towards the Abolitionists of America, but even towards those of their own country, has been such as to forfeit the respect and confidence of the great mass of the working Anti-Slavery public. By that public they are regarded in the light in which the "Massachusetts Abolition Society" is viewed by the Abolitionists of that State, and the "American and Foreign Society" by those of the nation at large. The great wealth of some of the members of the Committee, whose pet philanthropy it is, alone gives it a name to live, when for all practical and useful purposes it has long been defunct.

In another part of this paper we have printed again a part of the proceedings of a public meeting held in 1841, in Boston, on account of the very acts upon which we have been animadverting, containing a brief report of the speech of WENDELL PHILLIPS on that occasion, for which we need not ask an attentive perusal from our readers.

Boston Clergy.

We were a little hasty, we find on recollection, in expressing any surprise or finding any fault with the Boston clergy for omitting all animadversion upon Mr. Secretary Bancroft's use or abuse of the Sabbath, in the Navy Yard at Charleston. That body long ago provided a snug retreat and ample excuse for silence on such occasions, by the voice of one of their acknowledged leaders, the Reverend Hubbard Winslow, the clerical adorner of mobs, who systematically trims his conscience according to majorities. In his "Social and Civil Duties, 1835," he thus speaks of this very case of Governmental-Sabbath-breaking; and let it be remembered that in Mr. Winslow's view the keeping of the Sabbath is one of the Ten Commandments now binding and of *Divine* authority:—

"Are we then to obey laws if they require us to *sin?* No laws can make it our duty to sin. They cannot make it our duty to violate the generic moral law of God or any of his express specific commands. Still civil laws may be such as to require us to do, what, but for them, it MIGHT BE SIN TO DO. * * Take for instance the command to keep the Sabbath holy. * * Ordinarily it is a violation of it to labor on the Sabbath day. * * But in case of sickness or of life and death by the unavoidable laws of nature, *or in case of being in the army and navy*, under a system of Government demanding service on pain of death, it is *no necessary violation* of the spirit and intention of the Divine command to *labor or to travel* on that day!! It is a case of compulsion, * to which it is his *Christian* duty to submit, till he can lawfully extricate himself! It is believed that no person who has profoundly (?!) studied the spirit of the Christian Scriptures will controvert this position!" pp. 45 46.

There, behold the moral philosopher, how beautifully equal he makes the laws of Nature and the Navy! and puts the sickness and the Secretary on the same level! After this fair confession of Faith who shall say that the Boston clergy are not *consistent* at least. We hasten to do them this justice.

Cassius M. Clay.

Cassius Clay a volunteer for the war! The war which he has justly denounced in burning words as one of invasion and robbery—as base, unprincipled, and flagitious; waged for the single purpose of extending and strengthening Slavery! Nothing but his own assurance could have convinced us of the fact. We denied and repudiated the report as a weak invention of the enemy, when it first reached us. It was a lie on the face of it. We would as soon believe a report that Clarkson had embarked in the African Slave-Trade, or Garrison entered into partnership with Hope *Slaughter*, the Baltimore slave-monger. It was ridiculous and impossible! But it seems that common fame was not, for once, a common liar. He announces the fact himself, and justifies it with a morality which, if calculated for the meridian of Kentucky, we most sincerely hope will not *do* for any of the free States.

What is the political morality of Mr. Clay as expounded by himself? Texas was stolen from Mexico for the uses of Slavery. The Mexican war is a part of that "disgraceful and degrading act". "The declaration of Congress, that war exists by the acts of Mexico, is a lie." Consequently the war is a war of aggression and conquest; it is carried on for the notorious purpose of robbing Mexico of yet more of her lands for slaveholding purposes. We differ from vulgar banditti only in the enormity and magnificent impudence of our rascality. But then *war exists!* And existing, no matter how brought about, and for what purposes, it is our duty to support it! "*Resistance* to the Government would be rebellion," *therefore*, we will *volunteer* to help it do its wicked and dirty work! And Congress, too, is of the same opinion! Immaculate pattern! Infallible guide! It is a proof that Mr. Clay is hard pushed for excuses for his course that he tries to shelters himself under the wing of our disgraceful Congress. It is no wonder that he justifies the cowardly and suicidal folly of the Whigs, in prostrating themselves before Mr. Polk, and putting his foot upon the neck of their party. And all because they were afraid to encounter the abuse of demagogues as men unwilling to stand by their country in a war. Cassius Clay, of Kentucky, and Robert Winthrop, of Massachusetts, have been rewarded for what they have *done* for Slavery by the praises of the vilest presses in the land; and it is accepted as an atonement for what they may have *said* against it. Deeds, not words, are what Slavery looks to as the genuine test of character. The Whigs may protest against, and Mr. Clay denounce the encroachments and the wrongs of Slavery till they are black in the face; but as long as they are ready to fight its battles, what care the slave-masters? We think Mr. Clay may feel entirely safe against any repetition of the deeds of the 18th of August. We venture to predict that the slaveholders will never think it worth their while to molest him again.

The fallacy of Mr. Clay's reasoning in his article of the 17th of June, consists in taking it for granted that the country is in danger, and that a state of things exists when all good patriots are called upon to rally to her rescue. Admitting that this would be the duty of the citizens in case of an invasion of our own territory, no matter whether incurred by our own crimes or not, does it follow from thence that it is the duty of the citizens voluntarily to assist the Government in an invasion of the territory of another country, made for the purpose of multiplying and perpetuating the system of wholesale murder, robbery, cruelty and lust, which we delicately describe as our peculiar (very peculiar!) institution? Mr. Clay's logic is, in effect, of this nature. It is the duty of a good son to defend his father's house when attacked by thieves; *therefore*, it is his duty to assist his father in robbing his neighbor's house! Admirable dialectitian! Incomparable moralist!

The most melancholy part of this unhappy business is, that it shows that Mr. Clay, however good and humane his *impulses* may be, is destitute of well-grounded principle, and is not one to be depended upon in a struggle like that against Slavery. His appearance in the field was hailed as a most auspicious omen. All the enemies of Slavery were ready to extend to him the hand of friendship, and to cheer him on with words of encouragement and admiration. They were ready to make every possible allowance for errors of opinion or practice, which the singular difficulties of his position seemed to demand. They were willing to believe that he would rise superior to them all in the end. They thought they saw in him a leader raised up to guide the oppressed nation, whose cause he had espoused, out of the house of bondage. How painful the discovery—how ludicrous the contrast, were it not so painful—to find that after all he is but the leader of a company of cavalry, to fight the battles of Polk and Slavery on the ravished soil of Mexico? This adventure, it is plain, was not reserved for him. This mission awaits the advent of another.

We cannot but think that Mr. Clay has fallen into a snare set for him by his enemies. We fear that they knew him better than he did himself, and by approaching him on his blind side took him captive. They knew how strong is the temptation of epaulettes, gold lace, ostrich feathers, patriotism, glory and fighting to human nature, and especially to the human nature of Kentucky, and they baited their trap accordingly, and with but too unhappy success. They were wise in their generation. Mr. Clay was a thorn in their sides. His example was a standing rebuke to themselves. They were apprehensive of his influence within, and without, the slave States. A vulgar bribe they knew he would spurn, and those that offered it. The call for volunteers came. They knew his infirmity. They knew that if he took the blood-money of this pro-slavery war, that his virtue would depart from him. They employed the Dalilah, whose allurements they believed he could not resist, to rob him of his strength, and make him the tool of their own tyranny. And in the twinkling of an eye, the appointed champion of the rights of the slave, and of the free, bound in the same chain, stands shoulder to shoulder with the deadliest enemies of both, in a crusade for the aggrandizement of Slavery!

"Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him
Eyeless in Gaza at the mill, *with slaves*
Himself in bonds under Philistian yoke!"

Mr. Clay has grieved the hearts of the lovers of Freedom everywhere, and has disappointed the hopes of thousands who were regarding his career with eyes of admiring interest. He has failed in the beginning of a career, which, if he could have accomplished it, would have been among the most beneficent and illustrious that the world has ever yet seen. He has bartered away a glorious destiny for an ephemeral intoxication, and for the praises of men who despise him while they praise. Had he but died of the fever which fired his veins last August, had his spirit but departed amid the shouts of the mob which his fidelity had aroused, he would have left an immortal name, and a memory which his children's children would have cherished to the end of time. Now, unless he recovers himself in a manner of which there are but few examples in the history of human backsliding, he will be known and remembered only as one who took up a cross heavier than he could bear, and enlisted in a warfare, the cost of which he had not counted. Whether he fall on the field of battle, or die of the diseases of the camp, or return home, after he has won fresh States for Slavery to riot in, covered with the glory which falls to the share of the captain of a troop of horse, his influence will be equally gone, and will have perished with the memory of the hopes he once excited. Happily is it for those that hate Slavery that their trust is not in man, whose breath is in his nostrils! That they have a cause which no treachery can betray, no folly defeat, as long as there is a God in Heaven or a slave on earth!

Retributive Justice.

We have a strong faith in what is termed a special Providence, though our belief is not exactly in accordance with the popular notion. "Lies are like chickens," says the Spanish proverb, "they come home to rest;" and it is no less true of other sins. "The way of the transgressor is hard," for his sin will almost always find him out. His punishment may not seem to be the direct consequence of his crime, but we have every-day proof that he who infringes any divine law, sooner or later, is overtaken by the divine justice. But we do not mean to read a homily on this subject, though were it a truth more generally recognized, man would be less disposed to visit upon the transgressor the punishment which they deem he merits.

For the article below we are indebted to a friend, now a resident of Alton, Illinois. Its truth may be entirely relied upon. At the time of the murder of Lovejoy we were in St. Louis, and heard the whole particulars of the riot, the day after it occurred, from one of the gentlemen who was with Lovejoy in the building. Our informant was near him when he was shot, and stood by his side when he laid down in the counting-room and died. Nearly all then in the building escaped immediately, fearing further violence, as the doors were at once thrown open, and the mob rushed in. He, however, joined the crowd, and was a witness to their savage but quiet satisfaction, when they looked upon their work. Some of them turned over the body of the murdered man with their feet, and cursed the senseless clay.

There is one fact in connection with this riot, which was stated to us soon after, in Alton, and which we have never seen in print. It is worth recording, as an instance of female heroism. When the mob had gathered and had already attacked the building, it was evident that they would be left unmolested by the city authorities, to do their work. So great was the apathy or the fear in the people that they shut themselves up in their houses, and, except in the immediate neighborhood of the riot, silence reigned over the whole town. A Mrs. Waite, who kept the hotel known then, and perhaps now, as the Piasa House, besought the men who boarded with her,—and among them was a judge of one of the courts,—to do something to restore order, to vindicate the law, and protect a defenceless citizen from outrage, and perhaps murder. She pleaded in vain; the cowards were either in sympathy with the mob, or did not dare to meet its fury. She asked if there was not one among them who had the courage to ring an alarm-bell, for she hoped by this means to call out enough who would put a stop to the murderous work. Finding that there were none who would do even this, alone, and unprotected, and in the darkness of the night, she went to the church, and with her own hands rung an alarm. But its tones broke in vain upon the ears of the besotted and cowardly people; she alone, of all those who were outside the building in which Lovejoy was defending himself, had the humanity, or the courage, to make any effort in his behalf.

The Dr. Jennings mentioned by our correspondent, we knew at Alton. He was, at that time, a student at law there, and had boasted that he fired the fatal shot. He was, by birth, a Virginian, and was a fair specimen of the "chivalry." Elegant [illegible] and urbane in manners when among friends, he was savage as a tiger when his passions were roused, and ready, at the slightest provocation, to resort to the bowie-knife, or pistol. We met him, the winter after Lovejoy's death, at New Orleans, when he was still a student in a lawyer's office.

The Doctor Beals we remember also meeting at Alton. He was then a young man, of gentlemanly address, and a practising physician, in good repute. These persons who headed the mob, were, in what was considered the most respectable class of society in Alton, and we did not learn that they lost anything in reputation by the part they took in this foul murder. Probably by a large class they rather gained by it.

FATE OF THE PARTICIPATORS OF THE ALTON RIOTS, WHICH WERE ENACTED IN THE FALL OF 1837.

1. John Francis, the one who ascended the ladder and fired the ware-house of Godfrey & Gilman, and at whom Lovejoy was aiming to fire at the moment he was shot, is now in the Missouri penitentiary for attempt to murder, burglary, and robbery:—sentenced for FORTY years.

2. Jennings, (known as Dr. J.) supposed to be the one who shot Lovejoy, was killed at New Orleans in a bowie-knife fight across a table in a drinking-house, being horribly mutilated in the affray.

3. Dr. Beals, a leader of the mob, and who claimed the credit of killing Lovejoy, flourished for a season as surgeon-general in the Texan army, though all the while grossly dissolute, and extremely intemperate. He finally accompanied a hunting party to Santa Fé, and was murdered while on the excursion by a company of Camanche Indians.

4. Roch, one of the most wicked and ignorant of the mob, but possessed of great strength, is now either in the Kentucky or Ohio penitentiary, for twelve years, for some crime—unknown.

The above named were among the most distinguished of the scoundrels. The remainder of them are either dead, in prisons, or travelling vagabonds. Not one of them, to my knowledge, has since succeeded in any respectable business, or attained any reputation except for crime and villainy.

Rev. Hubbard Winslow, vs. the Apostles.

"We ought to obey God rather than men."—*Acts.*

"Religious principle will sometimes authorize a man, for the sake of his relation to Government, to do what, but for that relation, he might *think it wrong* to do. For instance, the man who thinks all war unjustifiable, might think it wrong, apart from his relation to civil government, to do military service or pay a tax; but, in consideration of that relation, he may Christianly judge it his duty to do it. So of many other things."—*Social and Civil Duties*, p. 84.

Under the teaching of such a shepherd, who wonders that the faithful New England sheep look up kindly, and submit patiently to be sheared for a war they disapprove? When the pulpit endorses the cry of "our country right or wrong," what can be expected of the mob? Or rather, when demagogues find their way into the pulpit, who need be surprised that licence rules in the streets.

Briggs and Slade.

Some have found fault with us for applying the epithets of "traitor," &c. to Governors Briggs and Slade,—and especially for comparing the first in infamy to Arnold. But every time we think of it, the resemblance strikes us the stronger. Arnold attempted to betray to the enemy West Point, the key-fortress of the whole North, at a time when its change of masters would have gone far to change the fortunes of the war.

What Arnold only tried to do, his more fortunate successor, Briggs, actually did. When the President's proclamation was issued, the Governor's position gave him, more than any other man, the control of the course of Massachusetts,—*the key-fortress of the North*, in this second revolution. With him lay the decision of what her action should be, at that most critical moment. Subservience on his part would stifle all motion. On the other hand, such was then the state of public feeling, that let him, from his high place, but have breathed one noble trumpet note; aye, let him but have had the decency to keep silent, and the rising tide of indignation, being taken at the flood, had led to open resistance. The whole public opinion of the State might have been rolled down, like an avalanche, upon this profligate Administration, gathering, perhaps, in its course, the added weight of Vermont, New Hampshire, and Ohio, waiting to rally round it. Is it wrong to call a man, base enough thus to betray the rising hope of Liberty, an Arnold? Is it exaggeration to compare the loss of that golden moment, which long years may not bring us again, to the loss of West Point? We think not. Governor Briggs deserves well of the slaveocracy. No doubt in due time he will have his reward.

Good out of Nazareth.

We copy, in another part of our paper, from the London Times of April 17th, the report of a Select Committee of the Legislature of Mississippi, to whom was referred a petition from the citizens of Harrison county in that State, praying for the abolition of all laws for the forcible collection of debts. The report is not written with much elegance, but it embodies many good thoughts and wholesome suggestions, which we recommend to the careful consideration of our readers. We do not know what action was taken by the Legislature, never having seen the subject alluded to in the American papers, but the fact that such a petition could have been presented, and that such a report could have been made in the Legislature of a slave-ridden State is full of promise for the future. Men who can so clearly discern the self-imposed slavery of the law, will not, we trust, be long in perceiving the hideous evils of the other kinds of slavery which exist among them. The London Times ridicules the report, as might be expected, because it emanated from a repudiating State, but that is just the point where we should least anticipate so pure and radical a reform. We wish that Massachusetts, which Waddy Thompson calls the model State of the Republic, had virtue enough to imitate the example of the benighted, repudiating State of Mississippi in respect to the law of debtor and creditor.

That liberal wag Punch, whose sympathies are generally with the honest and true, had the wickedness to attempt to make fun of the Mississippi reformers. Poor Punch! Living so near to Westminster Hall has blinded those great eyes of his to the follies and absurdities of our barbarous laws.

Toussaint.

As we promised last week, we commence, in this number of the paper, the publication of a work with the above title. Everybody, we presume, will be careful to read it, and wait impatiently for more of what commences so well. The translator says of it:

"The author appears to have taken up the life of Toussaint for the subject of a romance, not on account of its relation to Slavery, but simply because he found, in the history of this extraordinary man, a romance already written. This work is after the school of Scott. And while historical truth is observed, considerable skill is shown in the use of fiction. We do not intend to publish here the whole work, but only the first portion, which is quite complete in itself."

This first portion it will take us but a few weeks to get through with. We hope our readers may be so interested in it that the call for the rest will be so general as to induce the translator to give it to us, or to the world in some other shape.

To Our Readers.

TO OLD SUBSCRIBERS.—Our subscription list now presents a pretty fair appearance. Most of the subscribers both new and old, have paid in advance. Some few, however, are still in arrears. We give them *one month* to pay in. When that time has elapsed, *no subscriber will receive a paper who has not paid for it.* WE SHALL ADHERE STRICTLY TO THIS RULE. At the end of every subscriber's year he will receive due notice of it; and unless the money be immediately forwarded, *the paper will be stopped.* We are convinced that this is the best plan for all parties. A paper published so cheaply as ours, can only be published on the cash principle. The man who will not pay for it one dollar in advance, does not deserve to have it; and moreover we prefer that our gratuitous list shall be of our own choosing.

Some have paid two dollars in advance, whose year extends beyond the first number of the present volume. It is only fair that such persons should have the advantage of the new plan. All such persons we credit for one year. If their year commences *with* the present volume, and they paid the two dollars before the present plan was adopted, an extra copy shall be sent wherever they order it for the extra dollar. But if their year commenced *before* the adoption of the present plan, and they have paid two dollars, they shall be credited at the old price up to the first number of the present volume—at one dollar from that number to the end of *their* year—and the balance shall pay for an extra copy as far as it will go, if they choose to order it. Most—perhaps all—will prefer to let the two dollars go in payment for their paper, to the end of their year, and then commence on the new plan. This would certainly save us a good deal of trouble, but we prefer to make them the offer that no one may complain that the new subscribers have the advantage. The dollar, or fraction of a dollar, overpaid, would be so much in the way of donation to the Treasury of the Society.

TO AGENTS.—We must beg them to be very particular in sending in the names of subscribers, and the money paid. If they will always observe these plain rules, they will save us a great deal of perplexity and trouble.

In sending the money of an old subscriber, state that he is an old subscriber.

It is best that the name of no new subscriber should be sent till he has paid in advance; but if any names are sent, to be followed in a few days by the money, the agent will be careful to state whose money is sent, and whose is to come. The simplest way, however, is not to send a name without the money.

Be careful to write the names as plainly as you can; and be sure that you have got the right post office address.

You will oblige us very much by remembering these things.

TO DONORS.—All who make donations to the Treasury of the Society for the coming year, will receive, if they wish it, an equivalent in the Standard. As many dollars as they contributed shall be returned in as many papers, to be sent to such addresses as they please.

TO ALL SUBSCRIBERS.—We have received some complaints recently that the paper is not received. No doubt some errors have been committed in this office, as a new hand has recently taken charge of the mailing department, and some mistakes were almost inevitable, because he has not yet become familiar with the names, and because the mail-books, though very plain to the person who has hitherto had charge of them, are not easily understood by another. They will be copied before another paper is issued, and for the future we mean there shall be no mistakes, if we can help it. But whenever there are, we hope subscribers will not fail to notify us, and we will find out and correct the fault if possible wherever it may be.

KIRBY STREET.—THE HON. ABBOT LAWRENCE, says the National Intelligencer, has authorized, with his characteristic liberality and patriotism, the printing of twenty thousand copies, at his own expense, of a Mr. Stewart's speech in defence of the protective policy. We record the fact with great pleasure. Malicious persons will, no doubt, think that the patriotism of this liberal outlay of money has something to do with the investment of some hundreds of thousands of dollars in the Lowell Factories; and will even venture upon the impertinence of cyphering out the cost of twenty thousand pamphlets, at a cent apiece, with the additional postage which the franks of members of Congress will come to, to get at the "liberality." Such insinuations, however, should not be tolerated. Mr. Lawrence, to be sure, is engaged in the manufacture of cotton goods, and hopes that the tariff may be sustained. There can be no doubt, however, from his well-known philanthropic character, that it is the producers of the raw material—the poor slave—whom he wishes to benefit. And then his liberality of sentiment is no less than his liberality of purse. Does he not stand deservedly at the head of the Whig party of Massachusetts? And has any man in it done so much to perserve untarnished the *golden* chain which binds together the cotton-spinners of the North and the cotton-growers of the South?

"THE CHIVALRY."—There was, we believe, an old English law which forbad a man to whip his wife with a stick larger in diameter than his thumb. As the age of chivalry gradually passed away, and the old world grew worse as it grew older, this marital privilege became obsolete in common with many other noble distinctions which marked the difference between the sexes in a more simple and less artificial state of society than now exists. But the long-haired cavaliers transplanted the beauties of chivalry into Virginia, and in that rich soil they have grown and flourished till, among the rest, the whipping of women has become a pastime in which anybody may indulge with impunity. Here is an instance related in the Baltimore Sun a few days since:

Yesterday evening, about seven o'clock, a colored woman ran down Camden street to the basin of Light-street wharf, and crossing one of the vessels there, sprang overboard. Measures were immediately taken for her rescue by persons around, which proved successful in spite of the most determined resistance, however, on her part. Upon being taken to the deck of the vessel she begged the bystanders to let her drown herself, stating that she would "sooner be dead than go back again to be beat as she had been." It was understood from some of the crowd that she had jumped out of the window of the place in which her owner had confined her, and immediately took the nearest route to throw herself into the water. A short time after she was rescued she left the boat, and pursued her way along the wharf to Platt street, and down that street, making, during the time she was in our view, several efforts to get near enough to the platform, to throw herself over, but she was foiled in these attempts by the crowd which followed her.

INGRATITUDE.—Park Benjamin is said to have given up his editorial connection with the *Western Continent*, published at Baltimore. It is another striking proof of the ingratitude of Republics. This gentleman has been feeding, for the last few months, upon his former words, to please the South—which is this Republic But he finds that it "*wont pay*," which is emphatically the object he had in view. His "boundless continent," since he has resided at the South, has not included "Free Niggerdom;" his next step, in geography, will probably be to make Mason & Dixon's line his Southern boundary.

HYDROPATHY IN ENGLAND.—We observe, by the *London Inquirer*, that Dr. Ellis, of the Hydropathic Establishment, Sudbrooke Park, Petersham, has had a coroner's verdict of manslaughter rendered against him for the death of one of his patients. The chief testimony against him, was that of two physicians, who made a *post mortem* examination, and testified that the deceased was not treated for the disease with which he was really afflicted, and that he died in consequence of such treatment. Dr. Ellis entered into recognizances to appear at the next session of the Criminal Court. Should he be convicted it will be a bad precedent for the doctors. If every one of them is indicted for the crime of manslaughter, who treats for the wrong disease, and whose patients die in consequence of improper treatment, we shall have our prisons full of physicians. It would be hard upon "the faculty," but we are not sure that the public would not be the gainer.

HERKIMER FREEMAN.—We observe by the last number of this paper, that it is compelled to stop for want of support. It has been one of the best conducted Liberty party papers upon our exchange list, and has rarely indulged in the narrow and malignant spirit which characterizes nearly all the prints of that party. Of course we have no tears to shed over the demise of any third party paper, but if there must be one in the centre of this State, we should have much preferred the *Freeman* to its malicious neighbor, the *Utica Liberty Press.*

☞ THE WORLD'S CONVENTION, to be held in London, in August have for the main object of their meeting the abolition of Romanism. So long as the Catholics do as we learn they are from the following paragraph in the *London Inquirer*, and the Protestants of this country, aided, in a manner, by the Church influence of their brethren in Great Britain, are holding 3,000,000 of their fellow-creatures as slaves, we think these Protestants had better let the Catholics alone.

Romish Abolitionists.—The Universal German Gazette states, that since the Pope addressed an apostolical letter to the sovereigns of Christendom, inviting them to abolish or soften the r

week, however, though we think we may warrant them their money's worth always. We were obliged to leave out, last week and the week before, some contributions which reached us so late, that this week we must fill our inside form with original matter, lest we should be obliged to issue a supplement.

☞ We understand that the question has been asked by some of our readers, "why do not your contributors begin to write?" Bless their simplicity! The editor has not written so little for any four consecutive numbers of the paper within the past twenty months, as for the four last numbers. If these good people will count the editorial columns, perhaps they can guess whether the "Contributors have begun."

☞ We call attention to the extract on our first page, from the Report of the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society, for 1841, giving a sketch of the speeches of John A. Collins, and Wendell Phillips, on their return from England, relative to the "Colver Letters." The leading article in to-day's paper, by Mr. Quincy, it will be seen, is also in reference to the course pursued by the London Broad street Committee, towards the American Anti-Slavery Society. It should have a careful and candid perosal.

☞ It is proposed to leave out the R. in the Free Church of Scotland, until they send back the fee which they took from the slave-traders.

☞ The *Friend's Intelligencer* is informed that the lines "For behold the Kingdom of God is within you" by H. W. of Portland, were first published in the Standard nearly two years ago.

To Correspondents.

The letter of J. W. P. of S. should have been acknowledged last week. We think his idea a capital one, and wish him all manner of success.

J. B. B. of C. is received. We think his temper may be improved by a year's reading of the Standard, and shall accordingly send him the paper for a year. He may thank some of our friends and not us for the trouble he was put to, as we never before had the pleasure of hearing of him.

The wish of A. P. shall be attended to.

The lines of S. A. R. are received. We are much obliged for the favor, but we do not think they have merit enough to warrant us in publishing them. Original poetry is very welcome if it is very good, but we do not think it worth while to fill our column with that which is not so, when so much that is can be had for the trouble of selecting.

T. C. of F. did not enclose the odd half dollar in his letter as he said. He can correct the mistake in his next letter. We hope he will have occasion to write again.

Many thanks to W. P. He shall hear from us before the week is over.

L. B.'s letter is received. He has done nobly, and the more such accounts he sends us the better. We refer him especially to a paragraph in another column.

J. A. B. may be certain that it shall not be our fault if his friends are not satisfied.

We cannot account for the mistake mentioned by J. B. W. If the fault is here, however, it shall not occur again.

S. J. M., J. C. H., S. D. F. are received.

This Week's Paper.

FOURTH PAGE.—*Poetry:* Song; Ode, for the semi-centenial celebration of the Incorporation of Caledonia County Grammar School, at Peacham, Vermont; The Builders. *Miscellany:* Toussaint; An Historical Romance, (*From an unpublished* Translation from the German of Theodore Mügge;) Letter from Juniper Hedgehog, to Elihu Burritt; Mexican Soldiers; The Cost of Glory.

FIRST PAGE.—*Pro-Slavery:* Abolition Riot; *Selections:* Speeches of John A. Collins, and Wendell Phillips, &c.; West Indies; Report of a Select Committee of the Legislature of Mississippi, recommending the Abrogation of all Laws for the collection of individual debts; Breaking the Shell; The Case of Mr. Graham; C. M. Clay; Official Despatches from the Army; Fire of the Flint; Abolitionism Retarding Emancipation; Palo Alto Churchill; The Free Church of Scotland, and the Question of American Slavery.

SECOND PAGE.—*Communication:* Letter from the Chapparal.

Notes on New Books.

The People. By M. Michelet. Translated by G. H. Smith, F. G. S. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 1846.

M. Michelet has started a subject worthy of a philosopher, but he has pursued it like a Frenchman. We never read a more tantalizing production, or one which seemed to promise so much and produced so little; we are continually promised some great moral discoveries, but we meet with little else than vulgar prejudices; he seems to be all the time just on the verge of truth, but his heels trip up, and he falls into a quagmire of error.—As an exposition of the actual condition of the French nation, M. Michelet's book undoubtedly possesses much merit, but he aims at something better than this, he attempts to philosophize on the rights of the people, and here he miserably fails. Conceive of a philosopher making exclamations like these:

"See that man on the point of giving away, check himself and stop without one's being able to divine the cause—he has felt pass by his face the invisible spirit of the heroes of our wars, the wind of the time-honored flag! Ah! My sole hope is in it! May that flag, and the France of the army save France! Sacred bayonets of France! that light which hovers over you, which no eye can sustain—watch that nothing dims its (their?) brightness!" These "sacred bayonets" are at present engaged, and were at the time that M. Michelet made this objurgation, in letting out the entrails of innocent Arabs, in obedience to the will of the King of the French, who, to keep his subjects from murdering each other has sent them to Africa to butcher the Arabs, and satisfy their sentiment for glory. M. Michelet's nationality is highly amusing: the principles of our "Native Americans" are high-treason compared with his patriotism. France is everything, no other nation can even boast of a history; her people are emphatically the people, and even the *gamins* of Paris are heroes and philosophers.

"For every man, was the impartial observation of an American philosopher, the first country is his own, the second France. And how many prefer living here to their own country! Hither do they flock, poor birds of passage, as soon as they can break the thread that holds them, to alight, seek shelter, and gain, at the least, a moment's vital heat. They tacitly confess ours to be the universal home."

Can anything be more admirable than M. Michelet's faith in the attractions of Paris. Because a few of the volatile members of society fly over to France to enjoy the luxury of a Parisian dinner, and lay in a stock of gloves and laces, he believes it to be the home of the world, and, as he expresses it, "France a religion" in which all must believe or be damned. We wish that we were near enough to M. Michelet to whisper in his ear that even Colonel Thorn has grown weary of Paris, and has returned to this country to live on Staten Island, a little dot in the universe, which we would not exchange for the entire dominions of Louis Phillippe.

There is much pleasant reading in M. Michelet's "People," and the dedication to Edgar Quinet, which contains a brief autobiography of the author, is particularly edifying and agreeable; but this is all. He is the most picturesque and amusing of all the groups of historical writers who have rendered the contemporary literature of his country illustrious, but he is a sorry philosopher, and in choosing "the People" for his theme, he has betrayed the narrowness of his *calibre*.

M. Michelet claims everything for France, even the honor of discovering America; he does not tell us what he grounds this claim upon, but we suppose it is upon the rather doubtful narratives of the Norman commander Cousin, and the story of *Vincent Pinzon*, who accompanied Columbus on his first voyage. He is welcome to the honor, but we cannot concede everything to M. Michelet and France. He is a greater robber than Napoleon, and would despoil all other nations of their moral, as the Emperor did of their material wealth to enrich his country. "Did you pile up the gold, the blood, the efforts of every kind, disinterestedly expended by each nation for the advancement of the whole world, the pyramid reared out of France would touch the skies—whilst all of sacrifice that could be piled up out of you, ye nations, would reach no higher than a child's knee. It is clear that God enlightens her more than any other nation, since in murkiest night she sees when none other can see. Her laws, which are no other than those of reason, are submitted to by her enemies even. The national legend of France is one trail of immense uninterrupted light—a true milky-way on which the world has ever its eyes fixed. Suppose her eclipsed, or that she perish; the bond of sympathy between the world is relaxed, dissolved, broken, probably destroyed. The love that constitutes the life of the Globe would be affected in its most vital part. The earth would enter the frozen are where other globes close at hand have entered. England and Germany are living on the vital heat of our revolution." We assure our readers that all this insane foolery, and a good deal more like it may actually be found in M. Michelet's book; but we can hardly expect them to believe it without seeing for themselves. It may be well enough to say to M. Michelet, although we are not sure that he will read the Standard, that the English cut off the head of as good a king as his countrymen could boast of when they were worshipping the rascally Bourbons as Gods; that their own revolution was an avowed imitation, and a wretched bad one too, of our's, and that the English (Anti-France, as M. Michelet calls them) liberated all their slaves long ago, while those of France are still in bondage, and likely to remain so. Gracious goodness, M. Michelet! what were you thinking of when you wrote that flummery? Come, come, Monsieur, liberate your slaves, (terrible black spots in your milky-way,) depose Louis Phillippe, establish a free press, cease butchering the Arabs, give the right of suffrage to your citizens, and educate your *gamins* before you talk again of the pyramid of your liberal deeds touching the sky. We acknowledge, Monsieur, that you are a capital cook, that your soups are first-rate, your gloves and slippers incomparable, and that in dancing no nation can hold a candle to you. If these are the materials with which you build pyramids we have nothing more to say about it.

Voyages of Discovery and Research within the Arctic Regions, from the year 1818 *to the present time. By Sir John Barrow, Bart. F. R. S. &c. &c. T.* 82. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1846.

This volume forms the 13th number of Harpers' New Miscellany, and is one of the most valuable works included in the series; it is illustrated with maps and engravings, and comprises three hundred and sixty pages of fine print. The previous labors of the author in the cause of Arctic discovery are a sufficient guarantee of the value of the present work; he falls afoul of poor Commander Ross, who commanded the first expedition, and treats him with as little mercy as though he were a polar bear; perhaps some contemporary of Captain Wilkes, in his vigorous senility, will fall afoul of our pioneer Ant-Arctic discoverer in the same manner. He is a proper subject for dissection, and although he and John Ross distinguished themselves at opposite poles, they seem to have conducted their expeditions in exactly the same spirit, and to have thought more about their own glorification than the cause in which they were engaged. Ross was appointed to his command because he was a good sailor, but we have never seen any particular reason given for the appointment of Wilkes, excepting that no other officer of the navy would accept of it.

The Novitiate; or a Year among the English Jesuits: a Personal Narrative, with an Essay on the Constitution, the Confessional Morality, and History of the Jesuits. By Andrew Steinmitz. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1846.

This is a reprint of a deeply interesting book, and to those who read it aright, it will prove a profitable one. The title sufficiently indicates its contents. The author is a native of the West Indies, he was educated at the Romish College of St. Cuthbert, in England, and, in the year 1839, entered the novitiate of the English Jesuits at Hodder, in Lancashire. After a year's probation he returned to the world, and his book contains a particular account of the manner of life passed by the young disciples of St. Ignatius. He does not tell us that he has become a Protestant, but from the freedom of his remarks we are led to believe that such is the case.

Blackwood for June.—Leonard Scott & Co.'s republication of the last number of Blackwood is on our table. It is, as usual, full of good reading, though with its Conservative spirit we have no sympathy. The article on Michelet's "People," which has been republished in this country, and of which a notice will be found in another place, is almost bitter with this spirit. "The Literature of the Nineteenth," a review of Lord Brougham's "Lives of Men of Letters and Science who flourished in the time of George III." is a valuable article, but the writer omits no opportunity to give a thrust to the men who were not in unity with the established order of things in Church or State. "The Fall of Rome" is doubtless a grateful offering to the landed interest of Great Britain, but it comes too late to bolster up the Corn-Laws, even if it ever could have done so. The number is not wanting in its usual variety of fiction of the better sort.

The next number begins a new volume, and it is the best time, therefore, to subscribe for this valuable periodical. The Messrs. Scott are always prompt in their republication.

Married,

In this city on Tuesday, June 30, by Rev. Bishop Janes, *Philip J. A. Harper*, son of Hon. James Harper, to *Harriet*, daughter of Ralph Mead, Esq. all of this city.

In Boston, June 30, *Charles Louis Jackerean Duchesnay*, of St. Ours, Canada, son of the late Lieut. Col. L. J. Duchesnay, Deputy Adjutant General, to *Harriette Maria*, daughter of Charles Bradbury, Esq.

Died.

At the Carroll House, White Mountains, 22d instant, *Ethan Allen Crawford, Esq.* aged 52.

At Windsor, Connecticut, 19th instant, *Col. Richard Niles*, aged 61, brother of Hon. John M. Niles.

In Stow, on Thursday, May 25th, aged 90, *Madam Lucy Newell*, relict of the late Rev. Jonathan Newell.

In Cincinnati, at the residence of her son-in-law, B. B. Fessenden, on Saturday evening, 20th instant, *Mrs. Charlotte Robbins*, consort of the late J. P. Robbins, D. D. and daughter of the late Major Whiting, of Boston, Mass.

On the morning of the 25th ultimo, *Hannah Logan Smith*, relict of the late James Smith, formerly merchant of this city, in the 69th year of her age.

In Barrington, Rhode Island, June 20, *Mrs. Elizabeth*, widow of the late Luther Martin, aged 91.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

Fifteen Days Later from Europe.

The Britannia arrived at Boston on Saturday, with fifteen days later news.

There is no doubt that the bill reducing the Corn Laws will become a law. It has passed through Committee in the House of Lords by a large majority.

Efforts are making to raise a national subscription for Mr. Cobden. It is expected to amount to £100,000—and possibly £200,000.

Sir Robert Peel, it is expected, will be forced to resign as soon as the Corn Law measures are carried through.

Pope Gregory XVI. died on the 1st ultimo, in his 74th year. He is said to have been a good man. The succession lies between Cardinal Fransoni, of Genoa, and Cardinal Acton, of England.

The Queen and the baby are as well as could be expected.

Revolution in Mexico.

The New Orleans Picayune, of the 24th ultimo, gives the following important intelligence from Mexico.

The Picayune says:—

"We received yesterday a copy of El Locomotor, of Vera Cruz, of the 8th instant, which is four days later than any advices received by the Falmouth. The news is important."

A revolution had broken out in the Department of Jalisco. It commenced on the morning of the 20th of May, in the city of Guadalajara. The battalion of Logos, followed by other bodies of military and by the enthusiastic populace, attacked the palace of the Governor.

The assault of the insurrects was so prompt, that the guard had only time to make one discharge, by which one man was killed and one wounded.

Don Jose Marin Tanez was at the head of the insurrection. A formal declaration was drawn up by the insurgents proclaiming Santa Anna their Chief, and declaring that a new Congress should be summoned to be elected by the people, according to the electoral laws of 1824, to form a new Constitution from which the monarchical principle is to be excluded.

By later advices, it seems that this movement at Jalisco is only one of a series of attempts through the Republic to overthrow Paredes and restore Santa Anna. They were probably instigated by Santa Anna himself.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

For the Standard—from June 1, *to June* 15, 1846.

Margaret Taft, Uxbridge,	Mass.		$1 00
Charles K. Whipple, Boston,	"	"	1 00
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Mary Ann Adams,	"	"	2 00
Henry Carpenter, Upton, Mass.			1 00
Mary Wallace, New-York city.			50
Joseph Post, North Hempstead, L. I.			1 00
Total amount,			$165 75

FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer.

NOTICES.

To the Abolitionists of the State of New-York.

DEAR FRIENDS:—The American Anti-Slavery Society proposes to make this State a prominent field of labor the present year, and asks your co-operation. For the past year its efforts have been more particularly put forth in New Hampshire, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts, with the most favorable results. In the former State we behold, in the political triumph of John P. Hale, the fruit of the persevering and uncompromising labors of its agents. The manifestations of the moral power which has been brought to bear upon the other States, just mentioned, are not less clearly developed, while the influence exerted upon the country at large may be seen in the advanced state of public sentiment, and the spirit of inquiry which is abroad in the land. It is true that Slavery still riots in our borders, but it is also true, that not now as formerly does she do so without awakening a note of alarm.

For the apathy and indifference which formerly prevailed, we now hear the voice of stern rebuke, and uncompromising hostility. Earnest remonstrance comes up, not only from the *nominally* free States, but from South-land itself, while the burning words of Thompson, and Buffum, and Wright, and Douglass, mingled with the voices of the other friends of freedom across the Atlantic, come to us by every steamship; and "SEND BACK THE MONEY," falls upon the ear of the man-stealer with a fearful power. While others are nobly battling in behalf of freedom shall we remain idle? The question of

NEGRO SUFFRAGE

Is now before the people of our own State. The action of the Convention now in session to revise the Constitution, may be modified and directed to a great extent by the influences which may be brought to bear upon it by the people at large. And should the question be submitted separately, (as very probably it may,) it is of the highest importance that measures be taken to instil into the minds of the people a sacred regard for human rights, by which they will be induced to recognize them as readily in a colored man as in his pale-faced brother. This unjust distinction gives the voice of the State in favor of the *inequality of human rights*,—which is the very foundation stone of American Slavery,—its abrogation would have a powerful influence in favor of freedom.

The fruit of the Texan iniquity is already put to our lips in the

WAR WITH MEXICO,

A war, in its conception and prosecution, unparalleled in the history of the world for cowardly meanness and flagrant injustice. The unprovoked attack of a strong nation upon a weak and defenceless one, for the sole purpose of extending and perpetuating Slavery. 'Tis ever thus that tyranny seizes upon the weak to glut its rapacious maw.

"From East to West
A groan of accusation pierces Heaven!
The wretched plead against us; multitudes
Countless and vehement, the Sons of God,
Our brethren!
* * * * * * * * *
We have drunk up, demure as at a grace,
Pollutions from the brimming cup of wealth;
Contemptuous of all honorable rule,
Yet bartering freedom and the poor man's life
For gold, as at a market! The sweet words
Of Christian promise, words that even yet
Might stem destruction were they wisely preached,
Are muttered o'er by men, whose tones proclaim
How flat and wearisome they feel their trade."

Those who were loud in their denunciations of this war before it commenced, are now tamely submitting to, if not actually abetting the atrocious scheme. Men of high profession and who would scout the adoption of the sentiment, in words,—"Our country, right or wrong,"—are, nevertheless, adopting it in their actions. Every friend of freedom, and every *true* patriot, will do all in his power to palsy the arm of the United States in her conflict with Mexico.

The principles and objects of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and the measures by which it proposes to secure those objects, are familiar to all who have taken the pains to inform themselves upon the subject.

Composed of all classes of individuals in the various relations of life, differing widely upon many things, yet agreeing in their hostility to Slavery. It seeks not to dictate to any what relations they shall sustain, either social, civil, or political, but that in all their relations they shall be true to liberty,—and that all relations are *necessarily* wrong which they cannot sustain without compromising the principles of freedom. Hence it calls upon individuals to withdraw their countenance and support from pro-slavery organizations in Church and State, because they *are pro-slavery*, and for no other reason; and hence it calls upon all persons to withdraw themselves from this Government, and adopt the motto of

NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS,

Because it tramples upon all the rights of man, and no one is permitted to have part or lot in it, without first virtually pledging himself to do its unholy bidding.

"All, all must swear, the briber and the bribed,
All, all make up one scheme of perjury,
That faith doth reel;"

Our reliance is solely upon moral power, which is, in fact, the only conservative principle in the nation. It seeks to expose and destroy Slavery, whether covered with the sacerdotal robe, or shielded by the forms of Constitution and Law.

"For never can true courage dwell with them,
Who, playing tricks with conscience, dare not look
At their own vices. We have been too long
Dupes of a deep delusion! Some, belike,
Groaning with restless enmity, expect
All change from change of constituted power;
As if a Government had been a robe,
On which our vice and wretchedness were tagg'd
Like fancy points and fringes, with the robe
Pull'd off at pleasure. Fondly these attach
A radical causation to a few
Poor drudges of chastising Providence,
Who borrow all their hues and qualities
From our own folly and rank wickedness,
Which gave them birth and nursed them."

LECTURERS

Will be employed, who have been baptized in the fountain of liberty, and whose success in the history of the cause, by their eloquence, zeal, energy, and devotion, give an earnest of what we may confidently expect as the result of their future labors. Meetings and conventions will be held to discuss in detail the different branches of the cause, and to urge upon the public conscience the truth of Anti-Slavery principles, and the necessity of their adoption.

The living voice has ever been found one of the most efficient instrumentalities in converting men to the truth, and awakening them to a just apprehension of their own responsibilities. Tracts, having a direct bearing upon the present aspects of the cause, will be circulated with an unsparing hand, but one of the most important measures to be adopted, will be the extensive circulation of the organ of the Society, the

NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

The services of several efficient friends of the cause, well known for their eminence in the republic of letters, have been secured to aid in its columns as CONTRIBUTORS. Among the number may be found the names of ELIZA LEE FOLLEN, Rev. JOHN WEISS, CHARLES F. BRIGGS, WENDELL PHILLIPS, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, whose soul-stirring poetry alone is a sufficient recommendation to any periodical; MARIA W. CHAPMAN, Rev. SAMUEL J. MAY, Rev. WILLIAM F. CHANNING, Rev. THOMAS T. STONE, Rev. SAMUEL MAY, and to crown the brilliant list, the name of EDMUND QUINCY. Each number, probably, of the paper will contain contributions from one or more of these persons. Arrangements have been made, with promise of success, to secure the assistance of other well-known friends of the cause, not only in this country, but across the Atlantic. We have in these facts, with SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, as editor, a safe guarantee, that the STANDARD, in point of Anti-Slavery FIDELITY, as well as literary ability, will not be surpassed by any other paper. The low price of ONE DOLLAR a year, at which it is put that its friends may give it the widest circulation, makes it the cheapest Anti-Slavery paper there is published. Who will do himself and family the injustice not to take it? And how could you do a *halting* friend a greater kindness than to order a copy to his address?

Another instrumentality which has proved eminently successful, is the holding of

ANTI-SLAVERY FAIRS.

The women of Western New-York have already got a large number of useful and attractive articles prepared for such an occasion,—the fruit of their own skill and industry,—and aid is solicited from friends in every part of the State,—let those who can send but *little* not withhold that *little*, because it is not *much*. The Fair will be held at Rochester, and opened on Christmas Eve. It is intended to have specimens of everything which untiring energy can secure, from loads of hay and bags of oats, to cambric needles and thread lace. More of this hereafter.

To carry on these operations successfully, will require

FUNDS.

Old and tried friends of the slave! you, who have heretofore given liberally, and have not become "weary in well-doing," are you willing to make still greater sacrifices of time, reputation, and money, for the bondman! To-day the lash of the slave-driver is buried in the quivering flesh of his victim, and the iron of oppression rankles in his soul. To-day the plains of Mexico drink up the blood of her sons at the bidding of tyranny. To-day the suffering and the dumb, the outraged and wronged, in the name of Justice, demand our aid. Infamy, dark and damning, is every moment fastening itself more deeply upon our country, and he who remains inactive now, writes ignominy upon his soul, and slave upon his spirit. It may cost much, manfully to oppose the wrongs, and outrages, and crimes, which are perpetrated in the name of the Government, and sanctioned and sanctified by the religion of the land,—but the brave heart can well afford to suffer all the penalties which ingenuity can devise and tyranny inflict; but it cannot afford to merit the curses of the weak and the defenceless—the stricken and the dumb—the slave-mother in her chains, or the little children whose young hearts are crushed by the heel of cruelty.

"For a child's sob curseth deeper in the silence
Than the strong man in his wrath."

The friends of the cause in the different localities, are requested to communicate with me, by mail, relative to the most auspicious time to hold meetings in their vicinity, and the places of holding them,—also, to give their counsel and advice upon the subject in general.

J. C. HATHAWAY,
General Agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society for the State of New-York.

FARMINGTON, 6th mo. 30th, 1846.

RHODE ISLAND FAIR.

PROVIDENCE, MAY 22, 1846.

Dear Friends:—We beg leave to call your attention to the ANNUAL RHODE ISLAND ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR, to be held in this City on WEDNESDAY, (Commencement day,) September 2d. We do this the more readily, and hopefully, as the result of the last Fair, and the liberality manifested by friends in furnishing its tables, and in various other ways supplying its wants, far exceeded our expectations. To you all, we render hearty thanks, assuring you that the proceeds of your labors have done much to renew the energies, strengthen the courage, and revive the hopes of the slave's toiling friends, and relieve the necessities of many a fugitive from the house of oppression.

But we must still urge a renewal of your benevolence, and an extension of your liberality. The great cause in which we are engaged is still unconsummated—the public mind is still laboring under the withering, cramping influences of party prejudice, and sectarian exclusiveness. The public ear is still deaf "to the cries of God's poor." The public eye is still blinded to the thousand bloody results of American despotism. The institutions, political and social, of the whole land, are still swayed at the dictation of mongers of human flesh. The country is being burdened by the annexation of immense tracts of slave-holding territory. To support the *infernal* system, and multiply the victims of human tyranny, our people are called to unsheathe the sword—to immolate themselves upon the wreaking altars of *war*. We call upon you, friends, to make another effort to break these chains—to annihilate this scheme of diabolical intrigue and conspiracy against the lives and liberties of human beings. We ask you to help us to make the *effort*. Let us spare neither expense or trouble; as we esteem the welfare and happiness of *human beings*—sons and daughters with us of one Great Common Father;—as we value our characters as Christians, and friends of the human race—as we wish to prove the sincerity of our professions, let us individually and collectively address ourselves to the task. Let us forget all selfish interests, and labor for the good of others. This will soften the severest toil, and lighten the heaviest burden.

We invite you to enlist with us in this work, both by contributing, yourselves, of whatever Providence has thrown into your possession of a contributable nature, and by soliciting contributions from others. Nothing will come amiss—anything and everything will aid us. We earnestly entreat you to leave a friend unsolicited—to let no influence lie dormant—to let no energy remain inactive—to let our stock lack nothing which you can possibly spare.

Any requisite information may be obtained by addressing Amarancy Paine, Anti-Slavery Office, corner of Broad and Dorrance streets. Contributions and donations may be deposited in the same place, or with either of the following persons:

S. R. Harris,	*Mary R. Clarke,*
S. B. R. Foster,	*E. H. Brown,*
Abby Burgess,	*Amarancy Paine,*
Caroline Ashley,	*H. B. Redway,*
Mary Hathaway,	*Parthena T. Janes,*
Abby Thurber,	*Sarah R. Smith,*
Lucretia Francis,	*Mary Smith.*

PHILANTHROPIC ORDER OF SONS OF TEMPERANCE.—UNITED STATES.

This is an Order of Sons of Temperance, recently established among the colored population of the city of New-York, a charter having been granted them from a Division of Sons of Temperance, in this city. Their forms, ceremonies, rules, and regulations, are identically the same, in letter and spirit, with the Order of the Sons of Temperance in this country, and their objects the same.

Though but recently established, they already have Divisions in three States. One has been opened in Wilmington, Delaware, and one in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

They are now ready to grant charters on application, and to establish Divisions in any part of the country. Application for charters must be made in writing, signed by, at least, eight persons of good character, and certified of reputable standing in the community in which they live, accompanied with $5 00 as a charter fee, directed to Mr. Jacob Francis, No. 14 Thomas street, New-York. One great object had in view, in the establishment of this Order, coincident with that of promoting a more general co-operation in the noble cause of Temperance, is the hope of cementing our brethren in a closer bond of union.

We have, therefore, laid our platform broad, and general, anticipating the spread of the Order throughout the country, and the existence of a National Society, whose subordinate Divisions, shall be established in every section of the country.

We make this announcement for the information of our brethren, that they may avail themselves of the advantages of this Order.

THEO. S. WRIGHT,
NEWPORT F. HENRY,
ROBERT HAMILTON,
HENRY W. JOHNSON,
GEO. C. VANDOSEN,
EDWARD H. TRACY,
GEO. SIMPSON,
R. P. G. WRIGHT,
ALEXANDER MOORE,
CÆSAR OGDEN,
WM. H. SMITH,
JACOB FRANCIS,
CHARLES B. RAY.

TO THE ABOLITIONIST OF THE WEST.

NEW-YORK, June 1st, 1846.

The American Anti-Slavery Society, at its late annual meeting, in New-York,

"Resolved, That in view of the present exigencies of the cause, and the plan of the campaign of the ensuing year, we will raise the sum of ten thousand dollars."

In accordance with this resolution, the Executive Committee of the Society resolved that a special fund be raised in the West to sustain agents in that field, and farther resolved to contribute from the Treasury of the Society, for that purpose, $400 00

Thomas Donaldson, pledged	100 00
Mary Donaldson, "	50 00
C. B. Taylor, of Pittsburgh,	50 00
Total,	600 00

All subscriptions and donations to this fund, will be promptly acknowledged in the Anti-Slavery Bugle; and the friends of the cause are urgently solicited to forward their names, with the amount they are willing to contribute, to be paid within the year, to James Barnaby, Jr. or the editors of the Anti-Slavery Bugle, at Salem, Columbianna county, Ohio.

Individuals are requested to become volunteer agents to procure subscriptions in their respective neighborhoods, and to forward the names of contributors with the amount subscribed as above specified.

Abolitionists of the West, shall not the above sum be quadrupled? Your replies to that question will be heard in your actions? Will you not act? With a little effort, the sum may be more than quadrupled, and eight or ten lecturing agents kept in the field during the year.

Respectfully, SAMUEL BROOKE,
Gen'l. Ag't. Am. A. S. Soc. for West.

WESTERN NEW-YORK ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The Western New York Anti Slavery Society has held its Third Anniversary, and to awaken, to inform, and to inspire the American people with a true sense of the iniquity of Slavery existing in our country, and to endeavor to interest their sympathies in the cause of the poor slave, we make this appeal to an intelligent public; confidently hoping that the hearts of the people will yet be made to beat in unison with liberty, that their eyes will be opened to perceive the evil working of oppression, and their ears unstopped to hear the cries of the down-trodden; to send forth an earnest voice and an efficient deed in behalf of the *right*, to assist with heart, hand, and purse in the destruction of the vile temple of Slavery, and in the strength of their *moral resolves* to work out the salvation of the enslaved, and to hasten the coming of that glorious day when men shall be slaves and oppressors no more.

Now is the time for every lover of liberty to weave for himself a garland of gratitude in the heart of the slave; to stretch forth his hand and raise him to the level of humanity.

To strike from his limbs the fetters that bind,
And lift the dark pall, that envelops his mind.

To accomplish this end, it is necessary that lectures should be delivered, and books and papers on the subject circulated; therefore the Executive Committee of the Western New-York Anti-Slavery Society have engaged for a lecturer and general agent, WILLIAM W. BROWN, an eloquent and efficient laborer in the anti slavery field; one who has felt in his own person the evils of Slavery, and with the strong voice of experience can tell of its horrors. While thus engaged he is dependent for his sustenance on the aid of the philanthropist; we would, therefore, ask of you to contribute of your abundance to the support of those who are laboring in the cause of our suffering brethren of the South, and to ask your friends and neighbors to do the same, however small the sum may be, and the blessing of those "who have none to

Poetry.

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SONG.*

Yes, write my name on the changing sand,
For the wave to raze with its quiet chime,
A type of those that a moment stand,
And are washed away by the tide of time.

All darkly sink in the distance down
The warrior's fame and his dreams so high—
The king with his crown, and the bard's renown,
Forgotten, unknown, in the dust they lie.

How little they deemed who toiled for fame,—
Manhood with lofty and glorious brow,
And the boy to whose cheek the blood-gush came,—
That their names should sleep in oblivion now.

Ambition, with wild and reckless dreams,
Too little hath gazed on the silent past,
That tells, with its pale and fading beams,
That the fairest and brightest not long shall last.

From that wizard fountain that giveth, they say,
To those it lures to its fatal brink
Fame's endless youth, oh, lead me away,
Of its bitter waters, oh! let me not drink.

But write my name on the changing sand,
For the wave to raze with the quiet chime,
A type of those that a moment stand,
And are washed away by the tide of time.

ERNEST.

PHILADELPHIA, June, 1846.

* Written on learning that my name had been inscribed upon the sand.

Communicated for the Standard.

ODE.

For the semi-centennial celebration of the Incorporation of Caledonia County Grammar School, at Peacham, Vermont, July 1, 1846.

BY OLIVER JOHNSON.

TUNE.—"*Auld Lang Syne.*"

When forests crowned these verdant hills,
Full fifty years ago,
And ringing through these fertile vales
Was heard the axeman's blow;
When Peace and Thrift came hand in hand
These woodland wilds among,
Above the settler's humble cot
A modest Temple sprung.

In faith our fathers reared the shrine
To Truth and Knowledge given,
And lifted high a beacon-light
To guide the soul to Heaven!
That light, though kindled long ago,
Is burning brightly still;
Its rays are now in beauty shed
O'er valley, plain, and hill.

The Fount of Knowledge opened here,
From purest source supplied,
Hath sent afar its healing streams,
And showered its blessings wide;
The dusky Indian of the West
Hath felt his soul reclaimed,
And e'en to heathen Isles its sons
The Gospel have proclaimed.

In honored places of the land
Its sons have served their age,
And won for it a noble name
On History's glowing page;
In Pulpit, Court, and Council-hall
Their words of truth are heard,
And through the Press their clarion voice
The Nation's heart hath stirred.

On this dear spot, in youth's fair morn,
While yet our hopes were bright,
Wise Teachers sought to guide our feet
In paths of love and light;
And now we come in manhood's hour
To pour our grateful song,
And offer up our fervent prayer
Where holiest memories throng.

The father, leaning on his staff,
This day renews his joy,
And in the mother's listening ear
Talks proudly of her boy;
The widow's broken heart revives
To see her son return
And Friendship's fires, once more renewed,
With holy fervor burn.

O, FATHER! in this joyful hour
Our thanks to Thee we bring,
And with united heart and voice
Thy glorious praises sing;
Thy love is boundless as the sea—
Thy mercy ever sure—
O, may the shrine our Fathers reared
To latest time endure!

May EDUCATION'S holy light
Extend on every hand,
Till War's foul blot and Slavery's curse
Be banished from the land!
And O may Freedom's sacred fires
On every altar flame,
And Temperance, Righteousness, and Peace
Exalt our Nation's fame!

From Graham's Magazine, for July.

THE BUILDERS.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, nor low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show,
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house, where gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of Time,
Broken stair-ways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

Miscellany.

TOUSSAINT;

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

(From an unpublished Translation from the German of Theodore Mügge.)

"If there is a God up there in Heaven, and if we are all his creatures, why does he let my black skin be despised by my brothers? Why, thou God of our white masters, dost thou require our love, if thou canst not protect us? Am I not thy creature, also? Are not my limbs strong? Is not my eye the eye of the wild cat? Are not my teeth shining? Is not my hand strong and bold? Why am I a dog, cursed and beaten, doomed to labor, scorched by the sun; and there, in the cool house yonder, they sit and laugh, while I weep? Laugh not, white Massa, laugh not; Moses and his brothers are strong, their breath shall consume thee." The speaker was a young negro, the only covering of whose well-formed limbs was a scanty, many-colored apron, while his head was protected by a broad-brimmed hat, made of a kind of rushes. He stood, holding with a convulsive grasp by a young palm-tree, and gazed into the rosy ocean of light. The wide plain of the Cape lay before him. In the far background rose steeples, and massive fortifications, while at nearer points rich plantations appeared in the varied green of their different crops, the silent, gloomy wood of the Mornes, and streams dashing from steep rocks, and scattered, far as the eye could reach, the roofs of human habitations.

"Cursed!" cried the young savage, lifting his arm with a gesture of menace, "Cursed be everything that the white man has made!" And still muttering to himself, he suddenly snapt the young tree in pieces, and hurled it with looks of rage at some cows and mules that were grazing on the near slope of a hill. The startled animals fled before him, and the young negro set upon them a small dog, which, obedient to his master's command, ran barking and biting after them, and so increased their terror. "Well done!" exclaimed the negro, with a laugh, and clapping his hands, "tear their veins open, and when you come back a kick shall be your reward. You are my slave."

"But you," said a deep voice behind him, "you are less than a slave. You are a fool."

The negro turned round with a start. An elderly but powerful man stood before him. Broad shoulders and an ample chest he had in common with his race, but the expression of his homely black face was strangely grave and dignified. There was a pride and loftiness in his short figure, and his large eyes sparkled with a fire which challenged respect and deference. With an angry glance the young negro exclaimed, "What have I done that you should speak to me thus? I too am beaten and driven. Shall not he who is struck delight to strike again? I break this tree, and my heart leaps. I beat those beasts, and their fright delights me, for there are creatures in the world that I also can torture."

"And yet you are surprised," replied the other, "that the white men torment you? Silly boy, then is everything on earth as it should be. The God of the world tortures men, and they oppress one another. You are, with justice, the slave of your master. He treats you cruelly, and you follow his example. Violence is the ruling principle, and therefore, miserable boy, rejoice in your power. Break the vigorous young tree, beat the poor, trembling creatures, and be yourself lashed till the blood comes. You deserve nothing better."

"*I* am a man," said the youth, proudly, "and you yourself have often told me that I have equal rights with my master. Why must I lie in the dust, his humble slave, and swallow my revenge, and wear out my strong limbs, and bow down my neck?"

"Because you do not know how to bear it erect, Moses," rejoined the other. "What can you do to place yourself on a level with your master? You can tend the cattle. You can turn the mill. You know how to gather and hull the coffee, and pluck bananas. Can you build cities? Can you sail ships? Do you know what the world contains, what men do in other countries, and what wise men have written in books? What do you know about laws, about the art of healing, and all the miracles which their minds have wrought? Can you read the languages which their learned men have spoken for thousands of years? O, these whites possess a higher power than the power of their hands and their cruelty. And, Moses, we have to learn long, long years, before we can say to them, 'Learn of us.'"

While he spoke, his face kindled with inspiration. His figure dilated, and a painful smile spread over his features. Moses did not venture to interrupt him. The dusky philosopher fixed his eyes upon the Western sky, which the setting sun had changed into a sea of fire. Some moments elapsed before he turned again to the young man and said calmly:

"Do you not see now that you are a fool? I love you, Moses, because under your black brow there are thoughts slumbering, but your heart is too untamed, your youth too reckless. Will you still imitate our white executioners, and in mad revenge torture these poor animals? Then are you worse than our tormentors."

"Ha," laughed the young negro, "they say you understand the language of animals."

"That is no very difficult thing," answered the other, seriously, "and he who has lived as I have, among so many of God's creatures, may soon learn to understand their language, if he chooses. I have heard many a wonderful conversation carried on by the birds in the dim woods. The worm, as it crawled over the leaves, called to me and told me whither he was travelling; even the cunning yellow snake has communicated to me the secrets of its life, and often, when alone, I have lain by the horses, and my thoughts have become confused, their snorting and neighing were voices that revealed to me the truth."

Moses stared at him with open mouth. "Yes, you are a sorcerer, old uncle, you are wiser than all the priests and Obis, and that is the reason you are so lucky."

"Lucky!" cried the old man, with a gloomy smile. "Tell me, my wise Moses, do I not wear the slave's chains like you?"

"But you have a fine lace coat," said the young negro, eagerly. "You wear a shining hat, and even proud Massa Libertas is friends with you."

"And what is the reason of that, Moses? Look at me, my son, I am getting old, and my strength is almost on the wane. I cannot work, like others. But when I was young, like you, I never broke the trees; I never whipped the poor beasts; I loved them because they were dumb, and bore their servitude so patiently. I saw that we were brothers and companions in misery, and so I loved them the more. For hours and days did I sit, wondering how it happened that I was wretched and a slave, whilst our white masters lived in ease. I compared them with us, and discovered that we were poor and ignorant, and our servitude consisted in this, the whites had reason to despise us. It was my good fortune to be taken from the ranks of my brethren who are drudging on the plantations, to be a house-slave, to keep master's clothes, and wait upon him. I thus found many an hour of leisure, to gaze with eager curiosity at the books that stood in their cases. I opened them, but I could not understand the mysterious signs. I wept in despair. But a good Monk once came to me as I sate alone on this hill, looking intently at a book which I had recently brought off. 'My son,' said he, 'do you wish to learn the good and evil which man has discovered in six thousand years?' I fell down before him, and clasped his knees. 'O! father,' I cried, 'teach me to be wise, like thee.' 'Poor child,' exclaimed the old man, 'you will be more wretched than ever, for the knowledge of this world has never yet made a man happy.' But I learned to read and write, and rose in favor with my master. He was a kind master to me."

"Ah!" cried the young negro, "the old man told no lie, for you have not become happy, good uncle. You are always gloomy and silent. You do not sing. No one ever sees you laugh, and you go by yourself, and when the young people jest about your gloomy looks, you say nothing."

"Because I am not young, like them. Will you be a fool, like them, or be wise like a man?"

"Anything you wish," said the young negro, with warmth, "but learn in your magic books. That I will not. Go to Charles Belair, who is likewise your nephew. He is gentle, like a child; when master scolds, he cries, and lately I found him looking into your books, and he was sad because he could make nothing out of them. Look not so fiercely, uncle; they are all afraid of you, but I fear you not."

"Have you never thought," rejoined the other, "that the hour may come when the wise man is to lead his brethren to freedom?"

"That have I," said Moses, with enthusiasm, "and it was but just now that I sate and thought how these mountains and woods might be defended against horsemen and the cannon yonder. These hills in a circle here, and the valley of the plantation, seem made by God for this very purpose. One might fell the trees, conduct the brook round the place, dig trenches, and throw up ramparts, like those at the Cape. And here, with our axes, and guns of our masters—let them come, those bloody Carmans, and you will see, uncle, that Moses is no coward."

At this the features of the old man assumed an air of satisfaction. "Every one in his way," said he to himself, "this, too, will do. Hear me, Moses," he continued, with a serious tone, "the sun is setting. Collect your cattle and take them home."

"The overseer will scold at my coming so early."

"You mind his scolding, then, more than my command," was the proud reply. "Take the creatures home, and then wait till night. When darkness is over all, go to the plantation of Noe. Go to my friend Jean François, and tell him he is expected at midnight."

"And where, uncle, and by whom?" asked Moses, impatiently. "When shall we destroy our oppressors?"

"You will have some trouble in collecting your cattle together," said the old negro, calmly, "they are scattered, and they are afraid of you." With this he went down the hill to the spot where the animals grazed amid the luxuriant vegetation, the thorny bushes, and shattered rocks, and gaudy flowers. Moses followed discontentedly, shouting angrily after the cattle, while his dog sprang barking forward. The timid creatures began to flee, and the old negro watched, with a smile, the exertions of his nephew, who soon gave way to the violence of his temper, and so made matters worse.

The old slave watched, for some time, the furious chase of Moses. Huge musquetoes, frightened from their resting-places, rose in clouds from the moist ground, and formed flitting columns before the sun. Pied ravens and screeching woodpeckers suddenly made their appearance from among the blossoms, fluttering about. Thousands of little green-colored colibris hummed like so many bees, to and fro, and hid their gold-woven plumage in the flower-cups, and red water-fowls in the bay took wing. In the meantime the servant of master Libertas stood scribbling on a scrap of paper in a small pocket-book.

"I believe he is right," said he, at last, "one could easily fortify these hills." And then, with a smile, he looked towards the East, where the woods were surmounted by ragged mountain cliffs. "Fire and sword," he murmured, "cannot destroy mountains and rocks, O! my proud lords of St. Domingo."

Suddenly he raised his voice and called to the panting Moses. "Come here, boy," he cried, "do you not see now that patience is the greatest of virtues? Ah, my child, the forest stream there has shot these thousand years over those rocks, and has hardly yet worn them smooth, but the drops that fall, one by one, have made large hollows in the stones."

"A curse upon the dirty beasts!" cried Moses, out of breath. "The old witch that was bought at Stoe, and that tends them at home, has enchanted them. There goes the black cow up the mountain and the white devil is roaring there at the waterfall. A curse upon the beasts, and a curse upon their masters! Let them run. I'll not go after them."

"Master Antoines' whip, then, will find something to do," said the old man, composedly.

"And you, uncle," exclaimed Moses, in a rage, "you may find some one else to send to Jean François, since you will not help me."

The old man smiled, and advanced into the middle of the open ground. He then put his hands to his mouth, and made a strangely complicated sound, resembling now the lowing of the steer, and now the whinnying of a foal, and then the sharp neigh of the horse. The scattered animals suspended their flight; listened, and turned round. In a little while they came out of the bushes, nearer and nearer, gathering round the old negro, as if drawn towards him by a charm. He stood still, murmuring some few words which sounded like an incantation, and then repeating the former cry. He next appeared to talk to the animals, put his mouth to their ears, stroked their hides, and uttered gentle words, at which they bent their necks, and appeared to listen with the greatest attention. When the last of the shy herd appeared, a white horse with a dark mane and tail, the negro raised his voice, and in a tone like a low sound of thunder, and with uplifted hand he threatened the animal, laying his hand upon his mane, he pulled the hair, and the creature shook in every limb. "Thou," he cried, "the swiftest of all, comest thou last? Take care, rogue, when next I call thee, if thou dost not come instantly with the speed of a spirit, thy hide shall smoke again, and the sugar-mill shall be thy lot. You all understand me," he continued, with the pride of a master, "and now follow that man there. He shall not beat you; go, follow him."

While all this was going on, Moses had stood looking on with a terror scarcely less than that of the animals themselves. His bewilderment was depicted in every feature. Wonder and fear fixed him to the spot, and chained his otherwise courageous tongue.

"Off with you all," said the old man in a tone of command. "Lead these poor creatures to their cribs, my son, and do as I tell you. But take care to use them kindly," added he, threateningly. "My eye follows you. I hear the voices which call to me miles distant, and no mountain nor wood hides from me what I would see."

Silently and still, with all the marks of fear, Moses drove the cattle away, and the other followed slowly to the brow of the hill. "Are you not all?" said he, gloomily, "like this young man, who fears not the tiger, and would consume the white men, as fire devours the stubble? The tornado thunders over you, and ye dream of the Chika, and dance to the sound of the big drum. But you shall be awakened, foolish masters, by the sound of your own guns. You shall dance merry dances, my masters. The poor slaves shall make music for you, and bear torches for the festival. So will it be, so must it be, and the sacrifice must go on. For much must take place before the light of truth shall illuminate us. It is God's will, and his will is holy."

He turned a sharp eye down the road which led up towards him from the valley below, and above the red blossoms of the bushes, appeared the heads of some horses, and the white hats and green garments of their riders, who advanced with jests and laughter. Two ladies, and three gentlemen, attended by two slaves, formed a little cavalcade, such as was often seen passing from one plantation to another, to relieve the lonely life of their masters.—When they descried the negro, the foremost of the riders called to him in a tone of rough, good nature:

"Come down here, you black fellow. It is not fit you should stand up there over our heads, while we labor up to your majesty out of this hole." The black instantly tore his rush-hat from his head, came springing down the steep, and with crossed arms bowed to the very earth.

"Wish us joy, ladies," cried the stout, arrogant planter, "it is Libertas's postillion, and as he is his master's shadow, we may be pretty sure of finding Libertas at home. Is it not so, you knave? Your master is at home?"

"Massa Libertas is at the plantation, honored Sir," replied the negro, bowing respectfully.

"You see here, Helen, a genuine representative of the black race," cried the Creole, turning to the youngest of his fair companions. "Look at this old fellow, in all his ugliness, with his flat scull, which a weaver's beam could not crack, and his broad nose and square shoulders, and monstrous mouth, shining with teeth like a crocodile's, and the back of a beast of burden, for which he was evidently born, and tell me whether your modern European speculations, which you have brought bran new with you from Paris, and the ridiculous notions that these wretched creatures are anything better than brutes, do not receive something of a shock? Truly, Mr. St. Vincent, the more I consider this fellow, staring stupidly at us there, the more am I inclined to clap his head into spirits, and send it as a present to your crazy societies of philanthropists at London, and Paris. By all the Saints! that would cure the craziest among them of his folly. They would see clearly enough then, that Heaven itself meant these creatures for nothing but brutes."

The young gentleman, to whom these words were addressed, was an officer of the *Engineer* corps at the Cape. His pale but noble countenance, was turned with an expression of sympathy upon the negro, who silently walked by the horse of the planter, without manifesting the slightest sign of sensibility.

"What these negroes are," said the officer, in a low voice, and with a sad smile, "is not the point, my lord *de Charmilly*, but what they might become, if one only sought to bring out their intellectual abilities. Let a trial of that sort be made."

"Ay, indeed," replied the planter, with a sneer, "and that is the proposition in Europe, and they brand us as tyrants and murderers, because ever since the famous *Code des Noirs*, which Louis the XIV. published in his wisdom, to the last decree of the Convention, we have stood by our rights, and insisted upon considering these blacks goods, which we have paid for, as our well-earned property. Intellectual abilities, culture, education!" he added, "what evil spirit drives the fools to look for such things among the niggers? Human rights, equality! How, in the devil's name, can they think of plundering us for the sake of these chimeras? The heroes of freedom at Paris know how to talk well enough, but they do not know the blacks. It is easy enough for them to sit there decreeing, for they do not lose a penny by it. But as for us, Mr. St. Vincent," cried he with increasing violence, and with a violent stroke on his saddle-bow, "our all is at stake, all that we have, and our very skin besides. And what would they be at? Look at this old fellow. Libertas has given him education, taught him to read and write, and with infinite trouble, made a postillion and coachman out of him, and now the old creature has got to be fully fifty years old in his stupidity, and we cannot but laugh at him, although among his associates he passes for a miracle of learning. Is their nature, upon which alone they can found any claim to equality, like ours? Here! you black Socrates, what would you do, if your master were to give you your freedom? Where would you go?"

The negro stared anxiously at the speaker.—"Where should I go," said he, in broken Creole accent, and shrugging his shoulders. "I was born here. Kind Massa Libertas will not drive away from him his poor servant."

"There!" cried *de Charmilly*, "what would your philanthropists have said, had they heard that speech, and the anxious gentlemen at the Cape, who are just now dreaming so much of conspiracies? No longer ago than yesterday, the devil was let loose, and the worthy General Blanchelande was running about as wild as a Spanish bloodhound, and yet all the while looking like a trembling school-boy, because some hot-heads in the National Assembly had charged him to look to the peace of the colony."

"The concealed aristocrats are most to be feared," said the third rider, with a deep voice, "Blanchelande's heart is blacker than a negro's skin."

"Well said, Sir Marquis de Borel," replied the stout planter, laughing. "I am persuaded one might cut it out, and it would bleach in the sun. But this time the accusations were altogether too ridiculous."

"What was the cause of the alarm, M. de Charmilly?" said the elder of the ladies.

"A schooner passed between the mole St. Nicholas, the Cape, and La Tortue, and its red striped flag, with its thirteen stars on a blue ground, threw everything into confusion. 'An American, laden with arms, muskets for the mulattos, and sabres and bayonets for the blacks!' was the cry, and the white faces grew pale, or were distorted with fury. The poor Governor-General, who, it has been insisted, ever since certain early events, is the head of the Aristocrats, must needs be at the bottom of the affair, and had, of course, brought the American here loaded above and below with arms, in order to reinstate the old regime with the help of the mulattos and blacks. The hard words, to which he has been so much used, were near coming to acts of violence this time, and the regiment at the Cape swore to defend him. Luckily the Corvette Creole ran out with a favorable wind, and after some hours brought the little schooner in. The most innocent vessel in the world; a poor Yankee, laden with calicoes, and his hold filled with ballast and water, and the crew full of joy and *thanks* to their deliverer."

"And the fury was very suddenly laid," said the young officer, with a sneer, "the stevedores and half-naked laboring women about the arsenal, danced round the liberty-tree. And some went at midnight and serenaded the Governor-General, and he must needs come out on the balcony, and thank the people, and divide the glory, whereupon thunders of Vivats hailed the father of his country. And then he went into the ball-room to celebrate the deliverance of the land, and to drink, and dance, and weep tears of sensibility and joy with all his reconciled enemies, and their wives and daughters, until some ill-got-up rumor should again denounce him for a traitor, and make another Reconciliation festival necessary."

(To be continued.)

From Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine.

LETTER FROM JUNIPER HEDGEHOG.

To Elihu Burritt, of Worcester, United States of America.

FRIEND BURRITT,—Whether it was one of your Manchester friends, or whether, indeed, it was nothing less than a dove from your own American woods that dropt one of your *Olive Leaves* in my cab,—I won't stop to consider. It's enough that I've read the *Leaf* again and again, and can't help thanking you for it. Can't help admiring how that you, "a poor man, not worth a dollar in the world," as you say of yourself, should be scattering thousands and thousands of these healing *Leaves* about America—*Leaves* in their meaning and intention worth all the laurels that ever grew out of dead men's graves, made so foul and rank with dead men's blood.

Your *Leaf* fell into my hands just after I'd read Mr. Adams's speech in Congress, where he stands upon the Bible for his right to Oregon, and would cut throats according to his notion of Genesis! Foolish old gentleman! he can't have many years' mortal breath in him, and therefore it *is* sad to see him puffing and puffing to blow the embers of war into a blaze—to see him, as I may say, ramming down murderous bullets, and wadding muskets with leaves of the Bible! But there's a sort of religion that would sharpen the sword itself on the stone tables of Moses.

However, this is an old trick. There's a good many of these pious lovers of gunpowder who, somehow or the other, will insist upon turning up the regimental uniform with pages of the Bible and Testament. To make a man particularly the care of Heaven, they think it only necessary to dress him in red clothes, put a feather in his cap, ball cartridges in his cartouche-box, and a musket in his hand. And these folks—they've been doing in the House of Commons only a week or two ago—always give the glory of slaughter to "HIS ARM that gives all battles!" And so, according to these people, the army of martyrs should be an army with forty-two pounders and a rocket brigade. Their Christianity is Christianity humbly firing upon one knee. Their incense for the altar is not myrrh and frankincense, but charcoal and saltpetre. Our Sir Robert Harry Inglis, for instance—who in the House of Commons speaks for pious Oxford—he was quite delighted that the Governor-General of India had put so much religion into the bulletin that published the slaughter of nine thousand Sikhs, as they call 'em. They were all killed—according to Sir Robert—not by the cold iron of the English infantry, but by a heavenly host; the bayonet, in truth, did not do the work; no, it was the fiery sword of the angels, and praises were sung to them accordingly. And this is the Christianity of the *Gazette*; though I can't find it in the New Testament.

And, poor Mr. Adams made a very lame case out of Genesis; somehow or the other he reads his Bible upside down; for he declares—

"If our controversy respecting Oregon had been with any other than a Christian nation, *I could not quote from that Book*; if we were in dispute with the Chinese about the territory it would be a different question. So it is a different question between us and savages, who, *if anybody*, have now the rightful occupation of the country; *because they do not believe the* BOOK."

And because Mr. Adams believes "The Book" and the red man does not, he, Mr. A. has not scrupled to countenance the wholesale robbery of the Red Man's lands. Thus, either way—it is the custom with some very devout people—Mr. Adams makes profit of his Bible! And thus in a war declared upon the strength of sacred texts, Christians would blaze away at one another on the authority of the Scriptures; with, perhaps, to tickle Mr. Adams, "Peace on earth, and good-will to men," painted on American cannon.

And Mr. Adams, friend Elihu, will go to his Bible to settle this matter of disputed land. Now the first dispute of the sort mentioned in "The Book" was arranged, certainly not after the fashion of Mr. Adams: for here's the Oregon question disposed of in Genesis in a manner quite forgotten by the Adams of America:—

"And there was a strife between the herdsmen of Abram's cattle and the herdsmen of Lot's cattle, and the Canaanite and the Perezzite dwelled then in the land.

"And Abram said unto Lot, *Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee*, and between my herdsmen, and thy herdsmen, *for we be brethren:*

"Is not the whole land before thee? Separate thyself I pray thee from me: if thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left."

And so, Elihu, Gunpowder Adams is answered out of his own Genesis!

But we shall have no fighting for Oregon. Mr. Adams's speech is like one of the wooden cannon mounted for cheapness by the Dutch; it looks warlike and dangerous, but sound it, and there's no true ring of metal in it—it's only wood, thickly painted. Besides, your *Olive Leaves*—copied as they are in the American papers, which as you say, "enables you to bring the principles of peace before a million of minds every week"—your *Olive Leaves* must go to cool the glory fever, smacking its lips for blood.

You've been some time known among us Britishers, Elihu, as the "learned blacksmith;" but your *Olive Leaves* are getting for you a still better name. It's a fine thing, no doubt, to get at the heart of a dozen languages and more—as they say you have done—and so be able to make, I may say, a speaking acquaintance with the Greeks and the Romans, and so on; but it's nobler work to have made yourself "the head of the periodical peace publications" of America, and so preach quiet and goodness to tens of thousands of men, that otherwise, like bull-dogs, might be patted on to tear one another to pieces.

It's a fine thing to think of you, Elihu Burritt, Blacksmith. To see you, working all day—making your anvil ring again with glorious labor, (how I should like just a set of shoes for my mare of your own making,) to see you forging anything but swords and bayonets,—and when *that* work is over, to think of you sitting down, with your iron pen, in your hand, working away, to weld men's hearts together—to make the chain of peace, as your own red men say, between America and England,—and to keep it bright forever. When I think of this work of yours I'm pretty sure that your true-hearted countryman, Longfellow, must have had you in his brain, when he painted the picture of *his* blacksmith.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,—
Onward through life he goes,
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson you have taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

I especially like your fancy that English Plymouth should write to American Plymouth—Rochester to Rochester—Norwich to Norwich, and so on. As you prettily say, "it would be more like mothers writing to their daughters." You are, right too, that "every letter thus interchanged, like a weaver's shuttle, will carry across the ocean a silken ligature to bind two kindred hearts, and through them two kindred nations." Depend upon it, the thinking masses—for odd as it may seem to some Solomons now in their grave, and I may add, odd as it does seem to some Solomons fast going there,—the masses do begin to think they are all against the cruelty, the wicked tom-foolery of war. I've just been reading one of their addresses; I think the last. Fine, rousing words are in it, I can tel you; words that strike upon the heart better than fife and beaten sheep's-skin. Just to show you that we, too, have our pacific blacksmiths—our iron-workers, who, like Elihu Burritt, think it far better to make hoes and spades, than pikes and bayonets, I copy out this little paragraph, addressed as it is to Americans:

"Working men of America, you are, or should be, the pioneers of freedom; such was the mission bequeathed to you by Washington and his great brother patriots. That mission you will best fulfil by perfecting your institutions—*by abolishing the slavery of white and black*—(Ding this into the ears of your countrymen, Master Burritt,) wages and the whip—by driving from your Legislatures the landlords, usurers, lawyers, soldiers, and other idlers and swindlers; by making the 'veritable people, the wealth-producers, really sovereign', and thus establishing a real, instead of a nominal Republic. War will not aid, but will prevent you accomplishing these reforms."

And to crown all, you 'll have to sow wheat for us, instead of making gunpowder. Already you have sent maize into the stomachs of the Irish,—and this is better, is n't it, more profitable, too, than riddling them with bullets?

And this morning I read in one of the papers a long account of the pleasant dishes made out of Indian corn, and how they were mightily relished in Scotland: a professor—whose name I forget—having written and lectured on the best way of dressing grain. More pleasant reading this, of stomachs comforted and bellies filled by American grain—than throats cut and bodies slashed by American steel. Such a gazette of the kitchen is better than twenty gazettes of the War-office. If we must have war, let it be the new war of prices, the buying cheap and selling dear; and so no more at present from your friend and admirer.

JUNIPER HEDGEHOG.

MEXICAN SOLDIERS.

The braggadocio of the people of this country, is only equalled by their baseness. The Mexican forces which were represented to be very much superior to the American, it has turned out were actually about the same as to numbers, and much inferior in artillery. The American army have lost some of their best officers, and several hundreds of men; the loss of the Mexicans was said to be three or four times as great, but the fact is that it was in reality but little larger than on the other side.—Now, see what sort of soldiers, Waddy Thompson says the Mexican army is composed of:

The Mexican army, and more particularly their cavalry, may do well to fight each other, but in any conflict with our own, or European troops, it would not be a battle, but a massacre. Frederick the Great, who was the author, in a great degree, of the modern system of tactics, had three maxims as to cavalry. First, that a cavalry corps should never be charged, but should always make the charge. Second, that, in a charge of cavalry, they were not going fast enough unless, when halted, the froth from the mouth of the horse struck the rider in the face; and third, which was rather the summing up of the first two, that the spur was more important than the sword. In other words, that the impulse and momentum of the horse was of more consequence than the arms and blows of the rider. What, then, must be the murderous inequality between a corps of American cavalry and an equal number of Mexicans? The American corps, from the superior size of their horses, would cover twice as much ground, and the obstruction offered by the Mexicans, on their small and scrawny ponies, would scarcely cause their horses to stumble in riding over them; to say nothing of the greater inequality of the men themselves, five to one at least in individual combats, and more than twice that in a battle. The infantry would be found even more impotent.

I do not think the Mexican men have much more physical strength than our women. They are generally of diminutive stature, wholly unaccustomed to labor, or exercise of any sort, and as a conclusive proof of their inferiority to our own Indians, I will mention the fact that frequent incursions are made far into the interior of Mexico by marauding bands of Camanches, who levy black mail to an enormous extent upon the Northern provinces of Mexico. It is not unusual for bands of a hundred Camanches thus to penetrate several hundred miles into Mexico, and carry off as many horses, cattle, and captives as they choose. There are not less than five thousand Mexicans at this moment slaves of the Camanches,—and of all our Western tribes the Camanches are the most cowardly,—the Delawares frequently whip them five to one.

The soldiers of the Mexican army are generally collected by sending out recruiting detachments into the mountains, where they hunt the Indians in their dens and caverns, and bring them in chains to Mexico; there is scarcely a day that droves of these miserable and more than half-naked wretches are not seen thus chained together, and marching through the streets to the barracks, where they are scoured and then dressed in a uniform made of linen cloth, or of serge, and are occasionally drilled,—which drilling consists mainly in teaching them to march in column through the streets. Their military bands are good, and the men learn to march indifferently well,—but only indifferently well,—they put their feet down as if they were feeling for the place, and do not step with that jaunty, erect, and graceful air, which is so beautiful in well-drilled troops. As to the wheelings of well-trained troops, like the opening and shutting of a gate, or the prompt and exact execution of other evolutions, they know nothing about them. There is not one in ten of these soldiers who has ever seen a gun, nor one in a hundred who has ever fired one before he was brought into the barracks. It is in this way that the ranks of the army are generally filled up. In particular emergencies, the prisons are thrown open, which always contain more prisoners than the army numbers, and these felons become soldiers, and some of them officers. Their arms, too, are generally worthless English muskets, which have been condemned and thrown aside, and are purchased for almost nothing and sold to the Mexican Government. Their powder, too, is equally bad; in the last battle between Santa Anna and Bustamente, which lasted the whole day, not one cannon ball in a thousand reached the enemy,—they generally fell about half-way between the opposing armies. What would they think of such fights as we had on the Northern lines, when Miller stormed the English battery, or when, in the language of General Brown, "General Jessup showed himself to his friends in a sheet of fire." I do not think that the Mexicans are deficient in courage; or it might be more properly said, that they are indifferent to danger in the preservation of a life which is really so worthless to the most of them. But with the disadvantages to which I have adverted, the reader will not be surprised, that in all the conflicts with our people, in which they have been more or less engaged for the last thirty years, they have always been defeated.

THE COST OF GLORY.—The 14th light dragoons some years since left England for India, 600 strong. They recently returned, a skeleton of thirty-three men and three officers.

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